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A
DISCOURSE
OF
ETERNITIE,

Collected and Compos'd
for the Common good.

Being necessary for all seasons, but
especially for this time of cala-
mitie and destruction.

*The sinners in Zion are afraid, a fear is come
upon the Hypocrites: who amongst us shall
dwell with the devouring fire? who amongst
us shall dwell with the everlasting burnings?
Elay. 32. 4*

*He that beleeueth in the Son, hath everlasting
life, and he that obeyeth not the Son, shall
not see life, but the wrath of God abideth
on him. Ioh. 3. 36.*

Printed at London by *George Miller*,
for *Christopher Meredith*, at the
signe of the Crane in *Pauls*.
Church-yard. 1646.





To the Christian Reader

IF any man would know the Patron of this discourse, let him understand that it belongs to Every body. For there is not a man under heaven, be he King or Subject, Noble or Ignoble, Barbarian, Scythian, Bond or Free, but lives unavoidably under the law of Death, and within the Pale of Eternity. Now as all men are equally inrolled into this book of Eternity, so must they of consequence be equally interessed in this discourse. Therefore I commend these short Meditations of a long Eternity for the favour of protection (as in right they appertain) to Every body. But will every one counte-

To the Christian Reader.

nance them with a friendly welcome? Certainly, such entertainment may rather be wisht then hoped for. This Eternitie (whereof I treat) findes, for the most part, but slender countenance, and cold respect amongst the sons of men. For where is the man of so settled and well composed temper, that can fix and terminate his thoughts upon that everlasting state which abides him in the life to come? That can orderly frame, & readily dispose his heart to search into it, and his tongue to discourse of it, and his will to affect it? I doubt not but flashes of Eternitie, and transient thoughts thereof doe often swim in the brain, and straggle about the heart of a sensuall worldling; but there they lodge not, they take not up their rest. The covetous man soon strangles them in his money bagges, the drunkard drownsthem in his full cups, the Epi-

CURE

To the Christian Reader.

cure swallows them with his daintie and superfluous fare, every man in his way strives to keep that from his heart here, which he cannot possibly deliver his soul from hereafter, his endlesse Eternity. Thus are we unhappily ingenious to deceive our selves, wittie to invent new waies, to put off the melancholy consideration of the evil day. We plod daily onward towards our long home, but we think not of any reckonings till we come to our journeyes end: we fear not the pit, till we be irrecoverably plunged into it, we never know the true worth of time, nor price to the desert, our golden hours, untill they be everlastingly lost and gone; and then, alas, those precious dyes which we have prodigally expended in the lusts of our flesh, and vanity of our eye, we shall infinitely desire to redeem, (were it possible) even with tears of blood. Oh then
whose

To the Christian Reader.

whoſoever thou art , examine with due care the ſtate of thy ſoul : if thy luſt be thy life, and thy ſenſuality thy joy, then gull not thy ſoul with hope of pardon. Imagine not to finde two heavens , one upon earth , another above it, aſſure thy ſelf, though thou make with the Eagle thy neſt on high, and ſeat thy habitation as it were in the clouds, yet thy highneſſe will not free thee from the ſtroak of death, nor deliver thy ſoul from the netthermoſt hell. Now if there be any man ſo unmercifull to his ſoul, that (notwithſtanding all that is, or ſhall be ſaid) will deſperately on in his curſed way ; I ſay no more but this, He that is filthy , let him be filthy ſtill. The ſmart of this Eternity they that will not beleve ſhall feel.

The



The Contents of the first Book.

CHAP. I.

Containing an Introduction to the ensuing discourse.

2. Containing a discription of Eternity, with a brief declaration of the nature and condition of it.

3. Expressing how all men doe naturally beleeve this Eternity.

4. Explaining how nature hath represented and shadowed out Eternity to us in some of the Creatures.

5. Containing a short digression, touching the Eternity of the damned.

6. Wherein the question is answered, Wherefore a finite sinne is recompensed with an infinite punishment? Wherein also is further shewed, that the Severity of Gods Justice therein, doth no way diminish the greatnesse of his Mercy.

The

The Contents of the second Book.

CHAP. I.

Containing an Exhortation to Holinelle, grounded upon the consideration of Eternity.

2. *Shewing that there is no other way, nor possible means to attain to the true Eternity, but by a confident affiance upon the Mercy of God in Christ.*

3. *Certain conclusions drawn from the serious and devout consideration of Eternity.*

4. *Directions for the better ordering of our lives in the way to a happy Eternity.*

By the word procure p. 76. l. 22. I re'ste to
a reward of grace, not of debt.



THE FIRST CHAPTER,

*Containing an Introduction to the
ensuing Discourse.*



Here is nothing can
fully satisfie the
minde of Man but
that which is a-
bove man : all the
treasures and riches under Hea-
ven cannot make up a proporti-
onable object for the soul. For
that which must terminate the
desires of so excellent and di-
vine a nature, must bee of a cor-
respondent and like condition
with it, that is, infinite and im-
mortall. Now no sublunary
blessings extend thus farre : All
A worldly

Fecisti
nos ad te,
domine,
& inqui-
etum est
cor no-
strum, do-
nec requi-
escat in
te. *Aug.*
lib. 1. Conf.
cap. 1.

worldly happinesse, and earthly delights have their changes, and have their death. They are short in their continuance, and uncomfortable in their end. For they leave us, when we leave the world, and they nothing availe us in the day of triall, when our bodies shall descend into the slimie valley, and our souls returne to God that gave them, then all the choicest comforts of this life glide away from us as the stream, and the sunne of our joy will set for ever. Our beautie, wherein we have so much prided our selves, shall turne into rottennes, our mirth into wormewood, our glory into dust. Now if this be the condition, if such the state of our best pleasing contentations here below, how undiscreeetly improvident of our soules welfare should we be, to bound our affections

affections on the things of this world: what a madnesse beyond admiration, were it in us, to trifle out our time, to waste and weare out our most precious daies in the vanities under the sunne, as if God had placed us here on earth, like the Leviathan in the Sea, to take our pastime in it, to ingulfe our soules into the sensuall pleasures of this life, as if we had neither hope nor expectation of a life to come: what an intolerable stupiditie were it, for the short fruition of a momentary content here, to plunge our selves for everlastingnes into a sea, as it were, of fire and brimstone, where we shall see no bankes, and feele no bottome: Me thinks the serious consideration hereof, should even cut the heart, and damp the mirth, and wound the very soul of the most

A 2 glorious

glorious and selfe pleasing worldling, whose life is nothing but a change of recreations, to think upon his fading state, his flowing condition, his declining joy, his dying life, and endlesse eternitie, to see how all things in him, and about him goe speedily forward in a most sensible declination, to behold with his eyes, how his goods, and his greatnesse, his livings, and his life, and all the most precious delights which his sensuall heart enjoyes, are already winged as it were for their flight, and must shortly bid him an everlasting farewell. And then what shall be his stay, where shall be his shelter, what will remain to be done, but with that sad and disconsolate Heathen, to shut up all in that hopelesse and helplesse lamentation, *Anxius vixi, dubi-*

m morior, *heu, quo vado?* I have
squandered out my life in an un-
fruitfull way, I have lived unre-
solvedly, and die doubtfully, and
now whither away O my soul?
woe is the and alas for evermore.
And such is the bitter close, and
uncomfortable end of all those
who goe desperately on in the
waies of their hearts, and in the
fight of their eyes, and make not
God their strength; though
their excellency mount up to the
Heavens (saith *Job*) and their
heads reach unto the cloudes, yet
shall they perish forever as their
dung, and the eye which hath
seen them shall doe so no more,
Job. 10. 6. O then how deeply
doth it concerne us, to raise up
our desires to things above, to
fix our hearts upon the true rock,
to drawe our waters of comfort
from the everliving fountain, to

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trust so much more on God, by how much we have lesse on earth to trust to. Now for our better incouragement to this duty, and to the end we may the more easily unloose our affections from the imbracements of this world, it will not be unworthy our labour to meditate a while upon the nature of that Eternitie which doth unavoidably abide for us either in horror or happinesse in the life to come.

CHAP. II.

Containing a description of Eternitie, with a brief declaration of the nature and condition of it.

ETernitie is an infinite, endlesse, bottomelesse gulf, which no line can faddome, no time can reach, no age can extend

tend to, no tongue can expresse. It is a duration alwaies present, a being alwaies in being, it is one perpetuall day, which shall never see an Evening. Infinite are the descriptions of the Ancients, and divers their expressions, touching this Eternitie. The *Egyptians* conceiving that God was eternall, and his duration and being to be properly term'd Eternitie, represented the divine power by a Circle, which had neither beginning nor end. And hence it was that the Ancient Romans erected Temples, which they dedicated to their Gods in a circular figure. Thus *Numa Pompilius* devoted a round Temple to the Majestie of *Vesta*. And *Augustus Caesar* the like in honour of all the Gods. *Pythagoras* the better to expresse that God was eternall, commanded

his Scholars that so oft as they accommodated themselves to the worship of God, they should turne themselves round. The Turkes every morning ascend into an high Tower built in the fashion of the *Egyptian Pyramides*, where they devoutly salute their God and Mahomet, crying with a lowd and roaring voice, *Deus semper fuit, semperq; erit*, God alwaies hath been, and ever will be. *Mercurius Trismegistus*, the most famous among the Philosophers, represented God the true Eternity by an intellectuall sphear, whose Center was every where, but without any circumference, because he was the beginning and end of all things, not bounded within any compasse, nor terminated in any limits. It was an usuall custome among the *Nasomons*, an ancient

ancient people in *Africa*, that they coveted to dye sitting, and would alway be buried in the same posture, sitting in Cells underneath the earth, and this they did to signify by that unmoveable gesture, that they should now sing a *requiem* from the businesse of this troublesome world, and had now arrived at the haven of eternall quietnesse. Thus we see how these miserable heathen, who had no other light but nature, no other guide but those lame and corrupted principles, which were left in them after the fall, did notwithstanding, according to their broken and weak apprehensions, tire out themselves in the expression of Eternity, and how ever they were unhappily ignorant in the wayes of God in this life, yet they earnestly laboured

to know what should become of themselves hereafter, and to finde out the state of the life to come: Oh how justly might I (were it not a digression!) take up a lamentation, and deplore the wretched condition of our times, how short doe we fall, even of the perfection of Heathens: how few are there in comparison of the generallity of people, that cast forth so much as a thought upon Eternity? we live here as if there were no life hereafter. Our Earth is our Heaven, and our pleasures our Paradise, we crown our heads with rose buds, we eat of the fat, and drinke of the sweet, and say in our hearts, no evil shall happen to us, and yet when we have done all, *Omnēs humanæ consolationes sunt desolationes*, Hearts ease will not growe in this earthly garden, the true

true rest will not be found, but
in the true place, the eternall
Hierusalem, found and entire
contentment hath no rooting in
this world. For as one hath it
excellently,* Dispose and mar-
shall all things to thine own
hearts desire, yet shalt thou (doe
what thou canst) still meet with
some crosse or pressure in the
way. Since it is so, let us not
then determinate our affections
in these earthly things, which
are of no continuance, but let us
send our hearts before us to those
heavenly mansions, where they
shall be crowned with fulnesse
of happinesse, and shall swimme
in streams of pleasures for ever-
more. Certainly there is no
true rest but that which is eter-
nall, and the sweetest refresh-
ment our souls can finde in this
world, consists in the serious
meditation

* Dispo-
ne & or-
dina om-
nia secun-
dum tuum
velle &
videre, &
non inve-
nies, nisi
temper a-
liquid pati
debere, aut
sponte aut
in, ite, &
ita crucem
semper in-
venies.

meditation of the joyes to come, in devoting our selves and all we have to his service, from whom we have them, in trusting to him, and relying on him. For out of God the soul findes no resting place to set her foot on, but every where storms and waves, death and hell abide her: when we have improved our contentments to the very height of our desires, when we have attained as much happinesse as the world can give us, yet then may we be cut off perchance in the midst of our dayes, when our breasts are full of milk, and our bones full of marrow: or suppose we spinne the threed of our life to a longer day, and God crown us here with the blessings of his left hand, the comforts of this life, and length of years, yea though all things favour our longer continuance

tinuance in this world, yet in the
end time and age will ruine us.
We shall bring our years to an
end, like a tale that is told, and
shall vanish away like a shadow.
Though we live many years, and
in them all we reioice, yet in the
end we shall remember the daies
of darknesse, saith *Solomon*, and
the time shall come that the eye
which saw us, shall see us no
more. *

The sunne sets, and
riseth again, but we alas, when
our glasse is runne, and the short
gleam of our summers day is
spent, shall never return till our
last summons, when the dead
shall hear the voice of the Sonne
of God, and they that heare it
shall live, and come forth of
their graves, they that have done
good to the resurrection of life,
and they that have done evil,
to the resurrection of condemna-

* Soles
occidere
& redire
possunt,
nobis cum
occider
semel bre-
vis lux,
nox est
perpetua
una dor-
mienda.
Car.

tion

tion, both to Eternity, and then shall follow that large day, that shall never shut in, that infinite continuation of time that shall never end, that unlimited Eternity, which ever hath been, and is, and will be the same for ever, when the Sunne shall no more yeeld her light by day, nor the Moon her brightnesse by night, but God shall be our light, and the Lord our glory. But oh the unhappy condition of our age, who is there that ponders these things with a digested meditation, that looks into the state of his soul with a serious eye, and considereth his wayes? That endeavours to lay a good foundation for the time to come? we stand at the door of Eternity, and while we live, we are every day entring into it, its but a stroak of death, and we are gon, even in a moment,

moment, and whither? from our short and fading delights, to an endlesse, easelesse gulfe, where our worme shall never die, nor our fire shall never out. Now let all those who swim in the streams of their voluptuousnesse, putting far from them the evil day, who labour to expell from their hearts, and to stifle in the bud the sad consideration of their approaching infelicities, let them (I say) know, that they may fall into this vast gulf of Eternity, when they least suspect it; into which, when once they have unhappily plunged themselves, they may desire redemption, but shall not finde it. * It shall be one of their torments, to know they shall never be out of torment. All the gold of *Ophir* cannot purchase them one minute of relief from

their

* Postquam istinc excessum fuerit, nullus poenitentiae locus, nullus satisfactionis effectus Cyp.

their unexpressible miseries. But now, even now is the jubile, now is the accepted time, now is the promulgation of pardon, there remains nothing for our parts, but to sue it forth : we need not many hundred of years or number of dayes to redeem our mispent time, and to wash out our contracted pollutions, no, one day will, through Gods gracious favour, and loving indulgence, procure more mercy here, then Eternity of time can obtain hereafter, one sigh from a true sorrowfull heart here, shall prevail to discharge more debts, then infinite ages shall acquit or satisfie for hereafter. Here God with patience expects our repentance, but if we abuse his forbearance, and come not in, hereafter with trembling we shall abide his judgement,

Let

Let us therefore be wise in time, & remember our Creatour in the dayes of our youth, before the evil daies come, and the years approach, wherein we shall say, we have no pleasure in them, before our dust returne into the wombe from whence it came, and our lungs be locked up into the breathles earth, before that black and gloomy day, the day of death and dissolution appeare to us, the which (if our timely repentance here prevent not our doom) will seal up our souls to eternall darknesse. Let us consider that wheresoever we are, whatsoever we goe about, we stand every minute of our time in the glorious presence of an * incomprehensible majestie, whose bright and most piercing eye, is ten thousand times clearer then the Sunne, who knows

Immani-
festus, omo-
nia autem
manife-
stans, per
omnia ap-
paret &
in omni-
bus.

all

all hearts, sees all actions, understands all counsells, views all persons, there's not a word in the tongue, not a thought in the heart, not a spark of lust in the flesh, though never so softly blown, and secretly kindled, but he beholds it altogether, he is all ear to hear, all hand to punish, and when and where he please, all power to protect, and all grace to pardon, he that findes not his mercy, shall feel his fury : and who amongst us can dwell with devouring fire ? who amongst us can dwell with everlasting burnings ?

CHAP. III.

CHAP. III.

Expressing how all men doe naturally beleeve this Eternity.

Within these hundred years many nations have been discovered, and many are discovered still, which were unfound in former ages. Amongst them some have been found to live without law, without King, but yet none without some knowledge of God, and of some everlasting being in the world to come. What moved the *Brackmans* in *India*, and the *Magies* amongst the *Persians*, to begin and end their undertakings with prayers to God? What moved *Publius Scipio* never to enter into the Senate house before he had ascended the *Capitol*, avowing that principle as constantly in his practice, as he did in his knowledge,

ledge, *A Jove principium*? What made *Caligula* (which threatened the aire if it rained on his game-plaies) yet , to runne under his bed , and wrapp his cap about his head at a clap of thunder ? What moved *Atillius Regulus* (who had no other teacher then a naturall illumination) to preferre the obligation of his oath before the safety of his life, and rather then he would break his ingaged word and promise to the *Carthaginians*, expose himself to all the torments that the cruelty and malice of his enemies could inflict upon him ? What moved the *Saguntines*, a people of *Arragon*, to that undaunted resolution of theirs, who having plighted their faith and loyalty by solemn oath to the *Romans*, chose rather to entomb them-

themselves voluntarily in a fire, which they made in their Market place, then to break their faith to the said *Romans*, which they had so solemnly swore and sacredly avowed under their protection ? what, I say, could move these meer naturalists to such a fear of an oath, to such a trembling at Gods judgments, to such austerity, and care, and censorious circumspection in all their waies and actions, but that they naturally apprehended what they truly and distinctly understood not, *viz.* Some immortall happinesse and everlasting being ? and this they conceived was beyond the mountaines, or above them, or in some other world, they knew not where, according as their severall fancies led them.

Certainly

Certainly they would never have so much undervalued their earthly contentments, and sold all the comforts of this life (as some of them did) at so cheap a rate, but that they trusted to some future rest of more enduring substance after this life, and comfortably expected the immortall fruition of such joyes as should abundantly countervaille the losse of all their pleasures. When I revolve in my minde the *Stoicall* reservednesse, the moderation, the unconquerable courage of these miserable *Heathens*, when I see *Cleombrotus* in hope of immortality to tumble himself voluntarily down a hill, when I see *Socrates* smile upon his hemlock, and sullen *Scevola* burn off his own hand without ever gnashing his teeth at it, when I see *Marcus Cato* scorn his
 own

own life, because his enemy gave it him, and tear off the salve from his bleeding sides, which his own sword had peirced: When I thus behold these unhappy souls in the light of nature, to conquer nature it self, and to build these their resolutions upon no other ground, but the slender hope of some unknown contentment in the life to come, me thinks these magnanimous acts of theirs, however they are not for the imitation of us *Christians*, yet doe they tend to our condemnation. Their hope did exceed their knowledge, and our knowledge doth exceed our practice. God hath revealed to us the immortality of the soul, and the eternity to come, in a farre more clear and perspicuous manner, then ever to the heathen Idolaters, and yet
we

we lesse regard it : what should more affect us here, since our life is but a vapour, then to know what shall become of us hereafter? and yet the consideration hereof lyes like a weight of lead upon our souls; and we judge the very thought hereof a burthen. We readily apprehend such things as concerne us in this world: our honours, our preferments, our pleasures we look on with a cheerfull eye: but alas, with how slow and dull a pace doe we proceed in the pursuit of our future blessednes? we meet with many stops in our way, many turnings in our journey: and the truth is, we must not expect to arrive at so happy a haven without some storms; but what are these to Eternity, that long day that shall never shut in; that *unum perpetuum hodie,*

die, that beginning ever in beginning; in which the blessed doe everlastingly enjoy their happinesse, and renew their pleasures, and the damned are alwaies dying, and yet never dye? O that the meditation of this our future state could sinke deep enough into our hearts, that we would make that the object of our thoughts here, which must be the object of our accounts hereafter, that the sense of our sinnes were the chief matter of our sorrowes, then should we enjoy an eternity hereafter, boundlesse for time, endlesse for happinesse, where our joyes should be such, as should neither change nor perish.

B

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Explaining how Nature hath represented and shadowed out Eternity to us in some of the creatures.

NOW to the end we should be the farther encouraged unto the inquisition of eternity, God hath not only planted the knowledge hereof in the hearts of the *Heathens*, but hath also represented it in the nature of the creatures. For if we search with a narrow eye into the secrets of nature, how many things shall we finde in the world, as lively resemblances, shadowing as it were, and tracing out unto us this eternity? *Solinus* reports of a stone in *Arcadia*, which being once inflamed burnes perpetually. And

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the
Emp
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serve
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bodi
Be
sugge
while

of

of this matter or the like, were your burning lamps made, which continued (as *Histories* speak) so many hundred years in ancient Sepulchres. Like hereunto, in the nature of it, is your *Linum vivum*, a certain kinde of linen known in *India*, which is uncombustible, nay, it is not only not consumed by the fire, but it is as it were cleansed, and washed, and purified by the heat thereof; and hence it was that the bodies of the ancient *Roman Emperors*, when they were to be buried according to the funerall rites of those times, were shrouded up into such linen, to preserve their ashes and to avoid a confusion and mixture of their bodies with common dust.

Behold, here nature it self suggests an eternity to thy soul, while it presents to thee such

B 2 things

things as the fire cannot consume, many other such *Symboles* and representations of immortality may be found in the book of the creatures. The *Salamander* liveth in the fire, and perisheth not. Those famous hills in *Sicily* have been on fire continually, beyond the memory of man, and yet remain whole and unconsumed. The like we reade of that *Oleum incombustibile*, (as *Historians* call it) an oyle that ever burns, but will never waste; and of the matter of this was that burning torch composed, which was found in *Tulliola*, daughter of *Cicero* her sepulchre: which (as story speaks) continued burning fifteen hundred years. These and many other shadowes and traces of eternity *God* hath vouchsafed us, to stirre up our dead and drousy hearts,

to

to a more exact inquisition, and serious consideration of the time to come : For in the book of the creature, we may see the power of the *Creatour*, and out of these particular works of his, we may understand that, that *God* which hath endowed nature with such admirable qualities, can give the flesh also such a condition, that it shall endure, according to his wise dispensation, either torments, or happiness for evermore.

Now then, to draw all this to an issue, since it is undoubtedly true, that *God* hath provided an everlasting being, for the souls of men in the world to come : since he hath engraven the knowledge hereof, as with an iron pen in the consciences of the *Heathen*, since he hath given us so many lively resemblances, and traces

B 3 thereof

thereof in the secrets of nature,
and in the works of his creation.
Oh how should the meditation
of this take up our deepest
thoughts, our finest affections?
how should this cause us to re-
flect upon our souls; to ponder
our waies, and with an impar-
tiall eie look into our own estates,
and seriously consider with our
selves, whether are we in the
number of those that are become
Kings and Priests unto God, and
have our hearts inlightned with
the supernaturall life of grace
and godlinesse, or lye we yet
polluted in our own blood?

Oh, how can man be at rest
and quiet in his minde, till he be
assured and secured in this parti-
cular, since that upon it depends
his everlasting estate in another
world? our daies we see are
woven with a slender threed, our
time

time short, our end uncertain,
and when the oyl in our lamps
is spent, and our glasse runne out,
then we flee in a moment to an e-
verlasting being, either in horror
or happinesse, where we shall
receive according to the works
of our hands. If we have ap-
proved our selves sincere in *Gods*
service, just in our actions, dili-
gent in our callings, faithfull in
our promises: we shall then at-
tain the end of our faith, the sal-
vation of our souls: and the con-
science of our well spent life, shall
at that dismall day replenish our
souls with abundance of conso-
lations; Then all our tears shall
be wiped from our eys, what
we have sowed in sorrow, we
shall reap in joy, when we have
finished our course, and ended
our combate with sinne and
death: then shall our crown be

Ex unico
momento
pendet du-
plex æter-
nitas.

sure, our victory glorious, and our triumph *Eternall*; our grave shall be but as a sweet refreshing place to our wearied bodies, and death shall be our day-starre, to everlasting brightnesse.

But on the other side; if we have in the whole course of our warfare here, expended our precious time in the service of sinne and Satan, and crumbled away the best and choicest of our years in the desires of the flesh, and sports of vanity; if our lusts have been our law, and we have traded in pleasure all our dayes, then heare our dreadfull doom: Our mirth will be turned into wormwood, and our joy into heavines: all our delights in this earth shall vanish as the flower, our sun shall set in a cloud, and our daies of jollity and contentation shall irrecoverably

rably be involved and turned into perpetuall darknesse.

CHAP. V.

Containing a short digression touching the eternity of the damned.

ANd here it will not be unreasonable, nor any digression from the point in hand, to consider with our selves, for our better encouragement, to the wayes of holinesse, the condition of that eternity which the damned have in Hell. O the unhappy and ever deplorable state of those poor souls, who feel nothing for the present, but wrath and vengeance, and can expect nothing to come, but the vialls of *Gods* indignation to be poured on them, in a fuller measure for ever hereafter. ! And

B 5

that.

Nec qui
torquet,
aliquan-
do fatiga-
tur; nec
qui tor-
quetur, a-
liquando
moritur.
Bernard,
meditat,
cap. 3.

that which addes abundant weight to their miseries, is; they shall burn, but not diminish; they shall lye buried in their flames, but not consume; they shall seek death, but shall not finde it: they shall desire it, but it shall flee from them: their punishment consists not in the indurance of any proper or peculiar pain, but in the accumulation and heap of innumerable torments together. All the faculties of the soul, all the senses of the body shall have their severall punishments, and that which is more, unseparable, and more then that, eternall: There shall be degrees in their torments, but the least shall be infinite. For as the wrath and displeasure of *God* toward them is everlasting, so shall their punishments be. They enjoy an eternity like.

like the *Saints*, but not the *Saints* eternity; for their eternity shall beginne in horror, and proceed in confusion: their eternity shall purchase and yeeld to them, no other fruit but yellings and lamentations, and woe. Their eternity is such as turns all things into its own nature: for all things where the damned do inhabit, are eternall. The fire is eternall: for the breath of God like a river of brimstone hath kindled it, and it shall never goe out night nor day; but the smoak thereof shall ascend for eyer. The worm is eternall, for the conscience of the damned shall be everlastingly tormented with the sense of their sinne: Their worme dyeth not, (saith the *Prophet*) and their fire never goeth out. The prison wherein they are inclosed is eternall. The prayers

prayers of the *Church* could open the prison doors to *Peter*, but no prayers can pierce these walls, no power can overthrow them, no time can ruine them; out of Hell is no redemption, no ran-
somme, no delivery, *Cruciantur damnati, cruciantur in aeternum.*
 This is the last sentence of the *Judge*, his irrevocable decree, his immutable and eternall judgement on the damned, which shall nevever be reversed: there is no appeal will lye from this *Judge*; there is no reversing this judgement, when the sentence is once past, it stands for eterni-
ty; Hence it was that the ancient *Church* repeated this sentence often in their divine service, *Pec- cantem me quotidie, & non peni- tentem, timor mortis conturbat, quia ex inferno nulla est redemptio:*
 Whil'st I daily sinne, but repent
 not

Adeffe in-
 tolerabi-
 le, abesse
 impossibi-
 le.

not daily as I ought, the fear of death amazeth me, because after this life ended, out of Hell is no redemption. The blood of *Christ* shed on *Golgotha*, is fully sufficient to save all man-kinde, but it belongs not to the damned. If therefore the yoke of repentance seem not sweet to thee, (saith *St Bernard*) think on that yoke which thou shalt be sure to suffer, which is, *Goe ye cursed into eternal fire.* But the most deplorable thing which is eternall in hell, is, the irrevocable losse of the beatificall presence of *God*, the eternall privation of *Gods* sight, the uncomfortable want whereof, doth more grieve their hearts, and wound their afflicted souls, then all their bodily torments. Thus we see the unhappy estate and condition of the damned in the other world, and
how

how the highest link in all this chain of sorrows, wherewith they are environed, is the miserable perpetuity of their torments, when their restless thoughts have carefully runne thorow many thousands of years, yet will they not then enjoy one day, one little houre, one minute of rest and respiration: Everlasting darknesse is their portion, they beginne and end alike, with weeping and gnashing of teeth. Now since this is certainly true, is it possible for man so to degenerate into a beast, as to beleieve these things, and not to tremble? Can the knowledge of these things swim in our brain, without a serious and sound digestion of them into our hearts? when we know, and stand convinced, that inexplicable, eternall, endlesse, caselesse horrors,

horrors, without true and unfeigned repentance, abide us hereafter; and on the other side we know not, nor can possibly discern, with how speedy and swift a foot our end approacheth, nor how suddenly we shall be summoned to give the world our everlasting farewell. How can so sad and important consideration as this, possess our thoughts, & not torment them? Or how can this chuse but im-bitter our dearest pleasures, and crosse our indulgence to our sensuall affections? Did we but reason a while with our souls, and every one of us in a particular application say within himself: I am here floating like a ship in the sea of this world, ballasted on every side with the cares, and disquietings, and miseries of this life, and I saile on with full
course

course towards the haven of Eternity : one little blast is able to plunge me irrecoverably into this bottomlesse gulf, where one houres torment will infinitely exceed, (for the pain of it) an hundred years bitter repentance. And shall I now thus standing upon the very battlements of hell, melt in my delights, cheer up my self in the dayes of my youth ? shall I tire out my spirits, trifle out my precious time, rob mine eyes of their beloved sleep, for such things, to the which the time will come, and is hastening onward, when I must bid an everlasting farewell ? Me thinks the thorow meditation of our future state should even strangle our sensuall joys in us, and withdraw our hearts from the embracements of this world, especially when

we

we shall to our endlesse sorrow
understand, our dearest contents
must close, at the last, in death
and confusion, and all our pre-
cedent pleasures, shall yeeld us
no other fruit, but their bitter
remembrance, to augment our
sorrows.

CHAP. 6.

*Wherein the question is answered,
wherefore a finite sinne, is re-
compensed with an infinite pu-
nishment: wherein also is far-
ther shewed, that the severity of
Gods justice therein, doth no way
diminish the greatnesse of his
mercy.*

NOW here ariseth the questi-
on to be resolved; How
comes it to passe, that our mer-
cifull and gracious God, who is
so

so infinite in his goodnesse, and
so abundant in his love, whose
praises the Prophet *David* am-
plifies in his 136. *Psalm*, twenty
seven times together, with this
conclusion, *for his mercy endu-
reth for ever*: how can it stand,
that this our God, whose mer-
cy is exalted above all his works,
should be thus infinitely merci-
full, and yet so infinitely just
too, as to inflict upon a finite sin,
an infinite punishment, that he
should continue millions of
years, yea, to everlastingnes, in
the avengement of those sinnes,
which were committed as it
were in a moment of time, so
that he who hath offended but
temporally, should be bound to
suffer paines eternally? I an-
swer, we shall sufficiently vindi-
cate and clear *Gods* righteous
dealing towards us herein, if we
measur

measure his justice but by our
own rules : * for doth any law
proportion out the time of pu-
nishment to that measure of time
only , in which the offence is
committed ? Shall the prisoner
lye no longer in the Goale, then
he was committing his villany?
Do not we here amongst us of-
ten see some offences which
were suddenly thought of, and
as soon executed, yet punished
with endlesse, datelesse banish-
ments, which in comparison to
this life, bear a proportion with
eternity ? Now if the wisdom
of man doth follow this rule in
proportioning of punishments,
weighing offences by the foul-
nes of the fact ; Shall we deny
God the righteous Judge of all
the world, the same liberty over
the works of his own hands ?
Again, if this will not satisfy our
inquisitive

Scelus non
temporis
longitudi-
ne, sed in-
iquita-
tis magni-
tudine
metien-
dum est.
*Aug. de
Civitat.
Dei lib. 21.
cap 11.*

Nec in
justa ejus
gratia, nec
crudelis
potest esse
justitia.
*Aug. de
Civit. De:
lib. 11.
cap. 11.*

inquisitive mindes, let us but take our own hearts to task, and sift them to the bottom, and impartially weigh what a world of pollution, and deceit, and perverseness, is lodged in them: and then certainly, we shall finde matter enough against our selves without farther inquiry, for our endlessse condemnation: our own consciences will testify to the confusion of our faces, that just is the *Lord*, and just are his *Judgements*, that all the waies of the *Lord* are mercy and truth, that his grace is not unjust, nor his Justice cruell. Adde hereunto, that the fault, of its own nature, is infinite, because it is a sin against an infinite majesty. *Gods* Justice being infinite, the violation therereof by sinne, must needs contract an infinite debt; because in sinning we

rob

rob God of his glory, which we must needs repay him again: Now the satisfaction of an infinite debt, must needs be infinite, either in respect of time, or measure. And because a finite vessell is not able to hold or comprehend an infinite wrath, forasmuch as we cannot bear *Gods* indignation, *propter immensitatem doloris*, we must of necessity satisfie his Justice, *duratione temporis*; the long continuance of our sufferings, must supply what is wanting in the weight of our punishments. Again, he that dies in his sin without repentance, offends as much as if he had sinned eternally: *quia omnis peccator est in aeternum, si in aeternum vixisset, in aeternum peccasset*; i.e. had he lived eternally, his sinne had extended to the length of
of

Peccandi
volunta-
tem non
amisi, sed
vitam,
Greg.

of his daies, * for a man sooner
ceaseth to live, then to love his
sinne, and therefore God may
justly after many thousand years
torments in Hell, iterate their
torments to the damned : be-
cause if they had longer abode
in their sinfull flesh, they would
still have perpetuated their sin-
full transgressions. Oh let not
then sinfull flesh contend with
its maker, let not us pry into
the Heavens, nor curiously
search into the secrets of Gods
will, to finde a reason of the ob-
ligation of a sinner to perpetuall
punishment, but rather in the
lowlines of our hearts, crye out
with *Daniel*, O Lord, righteous-
nesse belongs unto thee, but to us
open shame, because we have
rebelled against thee : let us cast
down our souls at the foot of his
grace, and humbly acknowledge

in the sense of our deformities,
that just is the *Lord*, and just are
his judgements. Our weak un-
derstandings can no way fathom
the depth of his counsell; his
wildom is unsearchable; and all
his wayes are truth: but did we
truly apprehend the nature of
our sinnes, we would never re-
pine at the weight of *Gods* Judge-
ments. For whereas *God* made
man a noble creature, both beau-
tifull and glorious, and after
stamped on him his own Image,
righteousnesse and true holines,
how strangely hath his sinne dis-
robed him of all his excellencies:
what rebellion hath it setled in
all his members? what staines
and pollutions hath it wrought
in all his faculties? It is our sin
which hath unjoynted the con-
federacies, and societies of the
dumb creatures, and hath armed
them

them with an antipathy and rebellion one against another. It is sinne which hath so strangely altered the manners and conditions of our times, that hath turned mens brows into brasse, and their hearts into stones, and their hands into violence, and their tongues into Scorpions. It is sin which hath ushered in these sad divisions into our Church and state, and drawn out such streams of blood in every corner of the land, and made the foundations of the kingdome tremble. It is sinne that is the fountain and source of all those errors, schismes, heresies, strange opinions that are lately sprung up amongst us. And surely we may write it, one of the saddest of our miseries, and that which wil fall heavily some-where in the end (if some great humiliation

humiliation prevent not the judgement) that these things are suffered without controule. And here give me leave a little to vent my troubled thoughts, Though I wander from the point in hand, yet for *Sions* sake I cannot hold my peace. Have we not sworne, have we not deliberately, publickly in the open Congregation, in the sight of Angels and men; and with as grave and sad solemnity, as wisdom could devise, *lifted up our hands to the most high God, saying that we would sincerely, really, and constantly, by the grace of God in our severall places and callings, endeavour the extirpation of Heresy, Scisme, and whatsoever should be found contrary to sound Doctrine, and the power of Godlines.* Yet notwithstanding this deep engagement on our souls. How
C many

many fearfull errors, what unheard of fancies do uncontrollably abound in every corner of the land? Doth not every man act what seems good in his own eyes? Is not every wanton wickedly suffered to make an idoll of his own way, and to draw Disciples after him? Methinks its worthy our most serious thoughts, how sadly, how compassionately the reformed Churches do resent our home distractions. See what the *Walachrian* Churches have writ to our Reverend Assembly of Divines, upon this occasion. * Let your own consciences judge (say they) how *Heresies of all kindes* can passe unpunished? manifold seeds of Schism be spread without controll, and profane Doctrines of errors be commonly vented in publike in that City, which by so expresse, so sacred

Judicent
conscien-
tientiz
vestrz,
quomodo
omnium
Heresium
genus in-
ultum
permit-
ti, multi-
plicia

so severe an Oath, hath bound it
 self in the presence of God, to cast
 out all Heresies, Errors, Schismes,
 out of the house of God. Hence
 we may observe how loud a peal
 our Church divisions ring thro-
 rowout the world; Our friends
 pity us, our foes deride us, and
 neutrals stand amazed at our
 doings: and certainly God is
 not pleased with our wayes. For
 God is the God of order, and
 not of confusion; the God of
 peace, not of division.

In vain it is to expect any hap-
 py, or peacefull dayes, or that
 we shall see a well grounded
 settlement in Church and state,
 so long as turbulent spirits have
 so much line and latitude to
 their fancies. And surely it is
 now high time, it is high time
 for us all in our severall places,
 since we stand every day hover-

schisma-
 tum sem i-
 na impune
 spargi, &
 prophana
 errorum
 dogmata,
 passim in
 vulgus
 proferri
 possint in
 illa civita-
 te, quæ
 tam ex-
 presso,
 sancto, se-
 vero jura-
 mento se-
 se coram
 Deo de-
 vinxit, ad
 omnes er-
 rores, he-
 reses, schis-
 mata de
 domo Dei
 ejicienda.

ring between time and eternity, to minde our sacred vowes, and to lay our solemn Covenants closely to our hearts, and ask our consciences, how faithfully we have performed them, especially in the particular wherein we now insist.

Errors in opinion are of as dangerous consequence, as errors in practice; and therefore happy would it be for the kingdome, if they that move in the highest Sphears would all come in as with one shoulder, and make it the chiefeest businesse of their souls, that the Lord may be one, and his name one through the Kingdome. Now if you tell me I here digresse from the point in hand, I readily grant it for these distracted times have amazed me, and obstructed me in my way. But now I returne

You see the dismall fruits of sinne, what destruction it hath wrought in all the earth : what havock in our State : what confusion in the Church : what rentings of affections in the hearts of men ?

Oh that we did seriously consider of, and soundly digest the meditation of these things : For had we but hearts to understand, and eyes to see the deformity of our sinnes, and did impartially compare the stain and pollution of them, with the purenesse of Gods nature, and the brightness of his Majesty : how should we be confounded in our souls, with the sight of our own filthinesse : How ready should we be rather to admire Gods patience, then question his severity : How should we tremble at his glorious Majesty, and dread his pow-

er, and justly fear what we have worthily deserved, his everlasting judgement: but if now on the other side we advisedly look into Gods gracious proceedings towards us, and his loving indulgence in restraining his incensed displeasure, notwithstanding our infinite provocations, and in shewing us a way to escape his fury; I know not whether we shall finde greater cause to vindicate his justice, or admire his mercy. For true it is, as faith Saint *Augustine*, So good is our God, that he would never have suffer'd us to fall, had not his power been such, that he could extract matter out of our sinfulness, to advance his own glory. Oh how unsearchable, how bottomlesse, how surpassing the apprehension of men and Angels is the love of God towards us

Deus adeo bonus est, ut malum nunquam sineret, nisi adeo potens fuisset, ut ex malo bonum elicere.

Aug.

while

whither can we goe ? which way can we cast our eyes, where we shall not behold the admirable foot-steps of his mercy ? If we look upward, his mercy reacheth unto the Heavens, saith *David* : If downward, they that goe down into the deep, see the wonders of *God*, saith the same *Prophet*, and his mercies in the great waters. If round about us, those that put their trust in the *Lord*, mercy embraceth them on every side. And hence it is that the Apostle Saint *Paul* to the *Ephesians*, so diversly amplifies the love of *God* in severall places of that Epistle, by sundry appellations or epithetes, as his love, his great love, his abundant love, his love passing knowledge : again, the riches of his glory, the riches of his grace, the riches of his mercy ; *God* who is merci-

full faith the Apostle, who is *rich in mercy* through his love, his *great love*, even when we were dead by finnes, hath quickened us together in *Christ*, *Ephes.* 2. 4. The Apostle also in the same Epistle, and first chapter, expresseth the Lord, great in his power, abundant in his wisdom, but rich, exceeding rich in his mercy, And why rich in mercy only? Is not the Lord rich in *Angels*, rich in the *Saints*, rich in the *Heavens*? Hath he not created the Clouds, founded the Seas, wisely composed the whole frame of nature? And is he yet rich only in mercy? True it is; the earth is the Lords, and the fulnesse thereof: all that we have, all that we are, is his, but his mercy hath an excellency in it above all his creatures; yea (If I may so speak) above all his attributes

tributes, above his Justice; Mercy (saith the Apostle) rejoyceth against condemnation: Above his power; *Jacob* wrestled with God and overcame him; above his greatnes: for such was the unexpressible condiscention of the Almighty, that although he were high and excellent, and inhabited eternity, yet did he humble himself, to behold things done in Heaven & earth; for there is nothing doth more illustrate Gods omnipotency, then his mercy. It was no marvail that God should make the Heavens, because he is power it self; or that he should frame the earth; because he is strength it self; or that he should govern the times; because he is wisdom it self; or that he should give breath to all creatures, because he is life it self; But herein chief-

ly is *God* to be magnified, that he who is infinitely just, should yet be mercifull to sinners; yea, to sinners while they wallow in their blood, while they rest in finnes, while they have no eye to look after him, no heart to embrace him, no foot to follow him, no tongue to glorifie him, but lye wofully plunged in the dregs of their pollutions? Oh the unspeakable goodnes of our *God*, who hath so graciously invited those sheep, who are so unhappily strayed from him; nay, who doth with a * loving violence, irresistably call those who have trampled on his graces, and rejected his love. But what should move the Creator of all things, who hath been thus infinitely provoked, who is armed both with power to strike, and means to be avenged, to compassionate

*Omnipo-
tentissima
facilitate
homines
ad seip-
sum con-
vertit De-
us, & vo-
lentes ex-
nolenti-
bus facit.
Aug. ad
vita.

passionate his enemies? Certainly, there is, there can be no other reason alleadged, but that which *David* so often iterates, *because he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for ever.* But me thinks I hear the afflicted soul bewail it self: here is a fountain of mercy indeed, had I heart to draw out of it: Can his goodnesse extend to me, who am nothing but worms and dust, and wounds and sores, and corruptions? Who can give him no oblation but my finnes, no sacrifice but my sorrow. What confidence now can I have in this love? What strength in this mercy? Who ever thou art, that art thus, and no better disposed to receive the grace of thy God, bring forth this small provision, offer this sacrifice upon the Altar. Since thou hast nothing
else.

* Nullius
rei tantum
in inferno
est, quan-
tum pro-
priae vo-
luntatis.
Alsted.

* Superare
seipsum
potest de-
sertos mi-
serando,
negare se-
ipsum non
potest mi-
sericordi-
am dese-
rendo,

else to part with, surrender up
thy sinnes, yeeld him thy lusts,
renounce thy whole interest in
thy sinfull delights, in thy im-
moderate affections * and then
thy sorrowfull spirit shall be a
sacrifice to God, thy wounded
and broken heart he will not de-
spise; *I am with him*, saith the
Lord, *who is of an humbled spirit,*
& that trembleth at my words. We
have his own word for his mer-
cy, we have his promise for it,
we have his oath for it. He
is faithfull saith the Apostle,
who hath promised; he is
faithfull, he cannot deny
himself. * He may overcome
himself by pittying the for-
faken ones, but he cannot de-
ny himself, by forsaking his
pitty. For how can he de-
ny himself to us, who hath
given himself, for us? How
can

can he deny us his mercy, who
hath given us his life :

The end of the first book.

THE



THE
SECOND BOOK OF
ETERNITY.

CHAP. I.

Containing an exhortation to holiness, grounded upon the consideration of Eternity.



He very soule and life of Christianity, consists in the life of a Christian as for outward formalities, they plausibly serve to shew forth a good man to the eye of the world, but cannot make him such; it's true, external actions adorn our professions

ons: but it is, where grace and goodnesse seasons them, otherwise where the sap, and juyce and vigour of religion is not settled in the soul, a man is but like a goodly heart-shaken *Oak*, whose beauty will turne into rottenesse, and his end will be the fire. It was the saying of *Machiavell*; that the appearance of vertue was more to be desired then vertue in self. But *Socrates* a meer naturalist, advised better, who said, the good man is only wise. Certainly our glorious shews, and high applauses, and exaltations amongst the sonnes of men, will prove but miserable comforters in the close of our age, when the days of darknesse come. O then as we respect the eternall welfare of our poor souls, let us be what we would seem. Let us turne our words

*Qualis
videri, vis
talis esse
debes.
Cerb Med.*

* Let us
not think
it enough
to beleve
that *Christ*
came as
a *Saviour*
into the
world, but
endeavour
rather by
a peculi-
ar, perso-
nall, and
applica-
tive faith
to make
him our
own.

Non pro-
dest Chri-
sti resur-
rectio, nisi
in te quo-
que Chri-

words into actions, our know-
ledge into affection, and our spe-
culation into practise. Let us
not onely in a generall and con-
fused manner acknowledge *God*,
but rather labour to know him,
* Alas what avails it my soul,
that *Christ* shed forth his
blood for the sinnes of many,
if he died not for me? What joy
to my heart, that *Christ* is risen
for the justification of sinners,
if he be not my portion? What
comfort to my distressed con-
science, that *Christ* is come
light into the world, if I sit in
darknesse and in the shadow of
death? What confidence or
protection can I have from
hence, that *Christ* is a careful
shepherd over his flock, if I am
none of that sheepfold? O then
let it be the chief desire of our
souls, and the utmost extent of

our endeavours, not onely to
 confesse *Christ*, but to bring him
 home to our hearts, to feel him,
 to affect him, to live in him,
 to depend on him, to be con-
 formable to him: let us willing-
 ly heare, and cheerfully follow
 the voice of that sweet guide,
 who is both the way, and the
 journeyes end; that loving Phy-
 sician who comes to our wound-
 ed consciences with healing in
 his wings; that meek and ten-
 der Lamb, who powred forth
 for us tears of anguish, and tears
 of love; tears of anguish to re-
 deem our souls, and tears of
 love to compassionate our mise-
 ries. Now what a pressing per-
 swasion have we here to live un-
 to him, who thus died for us;
 to make him our joy who hath
 borne our sorrows; to fix him in
 our hearts, who for our sakes
 was

Itus resur-
 gat *Gerb.*
Med.

Sit scopus
 vitæ *Chri-*
stus, quem
 sequaris in
 via, ut as-
 sequaris
 in patria.

* I otus
tibi figa-
tur in cor-
de, qui
totus pro
te figeb-
tur in cru-
ce.

was fixed to the Crosse: * How should we mourn in our souls, and weep in secret for him: *quem totus mundus, tota elementa lugebant*, at whose sufferings the graves opened, the Sunne shut in his light, the earth trembled, and the whole frame of Heaven in his nature and kinde expressed its sorrow. One of the *Rabins*, when he read what bitter torments the *Messias* should suffer, when he came into the world, (cryed out) *veniat Messias, at ego non videam*, Let the *Messias* come, but let me not see him. Did his torments seem so dimmall to the spectator, what were they then in the sufferer? If so ghastly to the sight, what were they in the sustaining? But what should we doe now? Shall we raile on *Judas* that betrayed him, or on *Peter* that denyed him.

him, or the *Jews* that pierced him, or the *Apostles* that forsook him? No, no, let us look into our own hearts, examine our own ways. Do we not make his wounds bleed afresh with our sinnes? doe we not nayl him to the Crosse again with our pollutions? doe we not grinde him in our oppressions, and as it were massacre him in our murders? What sinne have we ever forsaken for his sake? what inordinate affection have we abandoned for his love? Can we say, and say truly, that we ever spared a dish from our bellies, or one houre from our sleep, or one fashion from our backs, for his sake? and doe we thus requite our Redeemer? Was Christ all ingore blood for our sinnes, and shall we swim in pleasure? Did Christ indure such contradictions

* Deus
tuus par-
vus factus
est, & tu
te magni-
ficas, ex-
ina mivir
se mage-
stas, & tu
vermicu-
lus intu-
mescis,

ons of sinners, and cannot we
put up a slight disgrace. * Was
Christ stretched on the Crosse,
and shall we stretch our selves on
beds of down? Did *Christ* suck
down vineger for us, and shall
we surfet with plenty? Was
Christ crowned with thorns,
and shall we crown our selves
with Rose buds? O let it shame
us, to bear so dainty a body un-
der so dolefull a head. And
think we with our selves, sure-
ly sinne against God must needs
be more, then men commonly
esteem it, for which no way of
expiation could be made, but
by the bitter passion of *Christ*.
Oh then let us not think any
thing to dear for him, who
thought nothing to dear for us.
We have an inestimable price,
a glorious inheritance set before
us, let us carefully embrace all
those

those means that may further
 our progresse: as the hearing of
 the Word, receaving of the Sa-
 crament, earnest and constant
 prayer to *Almighty God*: Let us
 strive as we ought, presse for-
 ward with all violence. The
 woman in the Gospell which
 was so long visited with her
 bloody issue, it was her holy
 * violence and pressing our Sa-
 viour, that procured health for
 her body, and pardon for her
 soul; Let this be our endeavour,
 let us never think our selves farre
 enough in the way to Heaven,
 but prepare our hearts still, and
 lay hold on every advantage,
 that may further us in our jour-
 ney. Behold now is the accep-
 table time, now is the day of
 Salvation, whilst you have time
 then doe good unto all: whilst
 you have the light, walk as chil-
 dren

* Vici-
 est ad vio-
 lentiam,
 quia vio-
 lenta ad
 victoriam.

dren of the light : Judge thy
self here, that thou be not judg-
ed of the Lord hereafter. Let
not thy eyes slumber, nor thy
temples take any rest, till thou
hast found out an habitation in
thine heart, for the mighty God
of *Jacob*. Remember him, as
David did, in thy bed, and think
upon him when thou art wa-
king: God said of the Church of
Thyatira, I gave her time to re-
pent of her fornication, and she
repented not. O let us not give
our good God the like occasion,
to second the same complaint
against us. Behold, God now
graciously calls us, and offers us
his mercy: He stands at the door
and knocks: Hear his sweet ac-
clamation; *Open unto me, my sis-
ter, my love, my dove, my unde-
filed: for my head is full of dew,
and my locks with the drops of the
night*

night, Song of Solomon. chap. 5.
 What a strange humiliation is
 here, for the king of kings to wait
 to have mercy ! Let us arise and
 open speedily to our beloved :
 to day while it is called to day,
 let us heare his voice, let us not
 put off our time, as *Felix* did
S^t Paul, goe for this present time,
 and when I have a convenient lea-
 sure, I will heare thee, as if the
 time present were not the fittest.
 Let us not stifle the checks of
 our consciences, or say, as *Festus*
 to *Agrippa*, to morrow thou shalt
 heare him. * All procrastinations
 in this case are dangerous. Let
 us therefore take hold of salvati-
 on, whilst occasion serves us.
 If we shut out our welbeloved,
 he will be gon. Therefore let
 our hearts even melt within us,
 whilst he speaks to us in his
 word. If we answer not when
 he

* Non
 querit
 Deus di-
 lationem
 in voce
 corvina,
 sed con-
 fessionem
 in gemitu
 columbi-
 no.

he calls us, then shall we call,
and he will not answer. The
Stork and the *Crane*, and the
Swallow in the aire know their
seasons, and observe their ap-
pointed times, how much more
should man, especially since
times and moments, how long
we shall enjoy them, are not in
our own power, but in the pow-
er of God. The Angel in the
Revelation swore by him, that
liveth for ever, that time should
be no more. The time past can
never be recalled, let us there-
fore take the present time: For
the time past was and is not, the
time present is, but shall not be,
and of the future, we can promise
to our selves no fruition. But
alas such is our blindnesse, such
an obduration is grown over our
hearts, that we understand these
things, but feel them not; we

have

have them swimming in our mindes, but embrace them not in our affections. The best of us may take up that complaint of Saint *Augustine*, * who averred of himself, that his desires were better thē his practice. Our vows are in Heaven, but our hearts on earth ; our desires are towards our home, but our endeavours fladge in the way, and we faint in our journey : we have Heavenly hopes, but earthly affections ; we all covet after happiness, but we would take no pains for it ; we would enjoy Christ in his benefits, but we refuse to partake with him in his sufferings ; *volumus assequi Christum, sed non sequi*, we would share willingly with our *Saviour* in his Crown, but not in his combat ; nay, oftentimes we instance *God* for such graces as we

Teneo in memoria,
scribo in charta,
sed non habeo in vita. *Aug.*

D

are

are loath to obtain : like Saint *Augustine*, who prayed for continency with a proviso, Lord, give me continency, but not yet; nay such is our intolerable sinfulness, and pollution of heart, that at the same instant, when our hands are lift up to God for the pardon of old finnes, our heads are working in the contriving of new; as *Salvian* hath it, *dum verbis præterita male plangimus, sensu futura meditatur.* Thus we draw nigh to God with our lips, when our hearts are farre from him, our affections are buried in the things of this life. Excellent is that saying of *Isidorus*, * The Kingdome of Heaven, saith he, is eternall, blessed every way, and promised to all men, but who there almost that spends one moment in the serious meditation

* Regnum
hoc tem-
piternum,
ex omni
parte bea-
tum est,
omnibus
promissum,

it? What man is there that ever talks to his wife, to his children, to his family of such a Kingdom? We can riot in the praises of our native soile, but we blush to speak of, and are ashamed to commend our true country, our everlasting home. In our dealings about the things of this life, our understandings are ready enough to apprehend them, and our hearts to entertain them, and our tongues to discourse of them; but in things that belong to the eternall salvation of our souls, how deep is our silence, how slow our speech, how unskillfull our expressions?

Thus we forsake Heaven for these things, which at last will forsake us, and trifle out our time in things that will not profit us. How farre are men now

& tamen de illo altum inter nos silentium, quod quisque enim est qui de hoc commemorat, hoc uxori, hoc liberis, toti hoc familiaræ inculcat? *Isid.* Cælum negligimus, terram non retinemus, Dei favorem non acquirimus, mundi perdimus,

adaies from that sweet resolutiō
of Saint Hierome? Let others,
saith he, live in their statues, in
their costly monuments: I had ra-
ther have S^t Pauls Coat with his
Heavenly graces, then the purple
of Kings with their Kingdomes.

O that we would look thus
lowly upon our selves; we are
Christians in profession, O let
us be such in practice: seeing
that God hath made us stewards
of his treasures, let us improve
them to the benefit of our bre-
thren. Hath God given us abun-
dance of his blessings? Let us
not hide our talents in a napkin:
let us send our good works be-
fore us into Heaven: these
slender gifts, which thou doest
cheerfully distribute in this
world, will procure thee an e-
ternall compensation in the
world to come. That sweet
speech

speech of Saint John is worth observation, *blessed are those that dye in the Lord, they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.* When our dearest friends, our sweetest pleasures, our most glorious titles of honour, the world it self, yea even our life it self shall glide away like a river, and turn to dust, then shall our good works follow us, *non transeunt opera nostra* (saith one) *sicut transire videntur, sed velut eternitatis semina jaciuntur*; our good deeds die not with us, but they are sowne in earth, and spring in Heaven; they are an inexhaustible fountain, that shall never be dried up: a durable spring, that shall never fail. They are acts of time, short in their performance, yet eternall in their recompence; they build up for us, through the mercies of our

God, an everlasting foundation for the time to come.

Loe then here we have set before us *viam ad regnum*, the way to our eternity; let us goe on herein without intermission; presse forward with violence, & strive to attain the crown.* Eternal joy is an abundant treasure, an everlasting wealth, but it is not given, save to them that seek it; yea that seek it with their whole hearts. Certainly did we as truly know, as we shall one day undoubtedly feel the bitter fruit, that our luke-warm profession, our grosse stupidity, and utter neglect of our everlasting state, will produce and procure us in the end, all our thoughts and language, all our affections and inclinations would be more eagerly imployed, and more faithfully exercised in our preparations

* Opulentia nimis multa est æternitas, sed nisi perseveranter quaesita nunquam invenitur.
Bernard

preparations for that building given of God, a house not made with hands, but eternall in the Heavens. Oh how senselesse are we, how stupid in our selves, and wickedly injurious to our own welfare, who for a small gain, a fading pleasure, a fugitive honour wound our consciences, and hazard our souls, to stand as it were on the brink of hell?

Illud propter quod peccamus, amittimus, & peccatum ipsum retinemus.

The whole world, promised for a reward, cannot perswade us to endure one momentary torment in fire: And yet in the accustomed course of our lives we dread not, we quake not at everlasting burnings. But ô thou delicious and dainty soul, who cherishest thy self in the joy of thy heart, and the delight of thine eyes, whose belly is thy God, and the world thy Para-

dise ! O, bethink thy self be-
times, before that gloomy day,
that day of clouds and thick
darknesse, that day of desolati-
on and confusion approach,
when all the inhabitants of the
earth shall mourn and lament,
and all faces (as the Prophet *Joel*
speaks) *shall gather blacknesse*, be-
cause the time of their judge-
ment is come. Alas, with what
a dolefull heart, and weeping
eye, and drooping countenance,
and trembling loyns, wilt thou
at the last and great Assize look
upon *Christ Iesus*, when he shall
most gloriously appear with in-
numerable Angels in flaming
fire, to render vengeance on them
that know him not? What a
cold damp will seize upon thy
soul, when thou shalt behold
him, whom thou hast all thy
life long neglected in his ordi-
nance,

nance; despised in his members,
 rejected in his love; when thou
 shalt see the judgement seat, the
 books opened, thy sinnes dis-
 covered, yea all the secret coun-
 sels of thy heart, after a won-
 derfull manner, manifested and
 laid open to the eye of the whole
 world: What horroure and per-
 plexity of spirit will possesse
 thee, to view and behold, but the
 ry solemnities and circumstan-
 ces, which accompany this
 Judgement; vwhen thou shalt
 see the Heavens burn, the Ele-
 ments melt, the earth tremble,
 the sea roar, the sun turne into
 darknesse, and the moon into
 blood? And novv vvhat shall
 be thy refuge, vvhere shall be
 thy succour? shalt thou raig-
 n, because thou cloathest thy self
 in Cedar? shalt thou be safe,
 because vvith the Eagle thou

Fiet aper-
 tio libro-
 rum, scilicet
 con-
 scientia-
 rum, qui-
 bus merita
 & de-
 merita
 univer-
 sorum, sibi
 ipsis &
 cæteris,
 innotel-
 cent.

hast set thy neast on high ? O
no, it is not now the greatnesse
of thy state, nor the abundance
of thy wealth, nor the privi-
ledge of thy place, nor the emi-
nency of thy worth, or wit, or
learning, that cā avail thee ought,
either to avoid thy doom, or
prorogue thy judgement. All
states and conditions of men are
alike, when they appear at this
barre. There the Prince must
lay down his crown, and the
Pear his robes, and the Judge
his purple, and the Captain
his banner; All must promiscu-
ously attend to give in their ac-
counts, and to receive according
to that they have done, whe-
ther it be good, or whether it be
evil. Here on earth great men,
and glorious in the eye of the
world, so long as they can hold
their habitations in the earth,
have

have both countenance to defend, and power to protect them from the injuries of the times : but when the dismall face of that terrible day shall shew it self, then shall they finde no eye to pity, nor arm to help, nor palace to defend, nor rocks to shelter, nor mountains to cover them from the presence of him that sits upon the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb. Give me the most insolent spirit, the most undaunted soul, that now breaths under the cope of Heaven, who now fears not any created nature, no not *God* himself, yet when he shall heare that terrible sound, Arise ye dead and come to judgement, how will his heart even melt, and his bowels quiver within him; when he shall have his severe judge above him, and hell beneath

Sic tibi
cave, ut ca-
veas teip-
sum.

In inferno
ex omlo-
gosis non
est nece-
ssitencia
tunc tri-
ribui po-
reß, con-
sumpto
tempore
peniten-
di.

beneath him, and his worm
within him, and fire round a-
bout him. O then whosoever
thou art, die unto thy sins, and
unto thy pleasures here; that
thou mayest live to *God* hereaf-
ter; *goe out of thy self, judge
and condemn thine own soul,
for thy sinnes against *God* in this
world, that so thou mayest com-
fortably receive thy sentence of
absolution in the world to come.
Let us learn to be wise in time;
let our sorrow for sinne antici-
pate and prevent our punish-
ment; *satius est & suavius fonte
purgari quam igne*: He that
grieves not heartily for his tran-
sgressions here, shall woefully
smart for them hereafter. In
hell there is no redemption for
the time past, no confession, no
repentance, but a sad and heavy
exchange, and most uncomforta-
ble

ble translation, from a short and passing joy, to an endlesse, easelesse punishment.

Surely all the pressures and vexing distempers, that befall us in this life ; all the crosses, which the envy, either of men or evil Angels can throw upon us, are nothing, if compared to eternall miseries. *Sapienti nihil magnum videri potest, cui eternitatis nota est magnitudo.* What if with Saint Paul I underwent labours and perills, hunger and thirst, iniuries and reproaches, what is all this to eternitie ?

What if I did bear in my flesh the most exquisite pains and bitter torments, that created nature is capable of, yet what were all this to eternitie ? For all the adversities and alterations, which happen to us under the sun, have their periods, which they cannot
passie :

paſſe: however they diſquiet us
for the time, yet as the Prophet
Daniel ſaith, *the end ſhall be at the*
appointed time, God will perform
that which he hath appointed for
me, ſaith *Iob*: yet *uſq; ad tempus*
hec omnia, the end ſhall be at the
appointed time. But of this eter-
nitie there will be no end, no
bounds can limit it, no time ſhall
determine it. Certainly, firſt or
laſt there will happen to thee
ſuch an evening, as ſhall have no
morning to follow; or elſe ſuch a
morning, as ſhall never ſee the
cloſe of the ſun: And therefore
let not the vaniſhing cares, & trā-
ſitorie diſquietings of this world
over deeply poſſeſſe thy heart;
but rather let the whole ſtream
of thy meditations run upon thy
latter end; that at the time of thy
diſſolution; (thy affection being
wholly alienated from the world)

thy

thy thoughts may ascend before,
whither thy soule is coming af-
ter: So shall thy sufferings here,
make way for thy crown here-
after.

But how few, ô how few, I say,
are there that weigh these things?
How few do make it their daily
task to meditate on the evils to
come? They credit not such re-
ports; for they care not to be-
leeve what they are unwilling to
practise: Hence it is that they go
on so securely in their course, as
if there were no heaven, no hell,
no God, no eternity. Thus we na-
turally desire our dayes should
be as happy as they are long, and
being miserably insensible of the
sorrows to come, we rashly ex-
pose our selves to an irrevocable
downfall. * Without sense or
sorrow wee run merrily to hell,
where we shall everlastingly
feele

* Nosta-
les, qui
mortis
nostræ ne-
que nego-
rium ri-
dentes ex-
equimur.
Greg.

feel what we did never fear,
death and darknesse, weep-
ing and gnashing of teeth. O
how different are our times from
those of our Ancestors? They
were not more rigidly super-
stitious, then we are vainly se-
cure.

How did they pine their bo-
dies, and afflict their souls, cruci-
fie their most precious lusts, for-
sake their friends, their lands,
their inheritance, yea their
Crowns and Kingdoms; nay
which is more, through the rigid
and austere observation of their
strict and severe laws, expose
themselves to the hazard and
danger of their dearest lives, and
thrust themselves as it were out
of the world, and forgo all soci-
etie with men? And wherefore
all this, but that they might
disburden themselves the better
by

by these means from all earthly allurements; settle and dispose their hearts in a good preparation towards their home; and to enliven their affections, and inflame their mindes to a more serious contemplation of the joyes to come? Me thinks the consideration of these former times, should strongly invite us to a more serious meditation of our future state, especially if we remember how swiftly our dayes draw to an end, and how soon we are involved into everlasting darknesse. For alas, what is our life here, *Tota hec vita unius horula mors est*, one hour at the last will swallow up all our live-long daies. Let us then not fear being so near our home, let no storms affright us, being so near our haven: let us examine our accounts, and cast up our reckonings,

konings, that we may be able to give up a good account at the last day. Certain it is, what ever we goe about; whatsoever be the scope of our endeavours; we every day come nearer to the end of our course, every houre is a new step onward.

So soon as ever a man enters this mortall life, he begins a constant journey unto death, *quicquid temporis vivitur, de spatio vivendi tollitur: i. e.* Each part of time that we passe, cuts off so much from our life, and the remainder still decreaseth; So that our whole life is nothing but a course or passage unto death, wherein one can neither stay nor slack his pace. This we know, our daily experience doth confirm this truth: and yet do we persist as securely, as ever in our trade of sinne: *Agrè abstrahimur*

lumur ab ijs quibus assuescimus, i.e.
we are hardly drawn from those
things which custom and time
hath inured us unto. It is a
grievous burthen to a licentious
heart to be drawn off from dain-
ty fare, full cups, and good
company. We lye as dead men,
and senseles in our damned pol-
lutions, even drowned in our
voluptuoufnes, like brute beasts,
filled up, and pampered for the
day of slaughter. Thus with
the full stream of our endeavours
we plod on in the habituall
course of provoking the patience
of a long suffering God, with-
out any sense of our sinne, untill
our short dayes begin to shut in,
and our evening approach; at
which time the weaknesse of our
bodies, and the strength of our
sinnes, make us as unable to re-
pent, as we were before unwill-
ing

* *Fatemur
crimina,
sed sic fa-
temur, ut
in ipsa
confessio-
ne non
dolemus.*
Calv.

ing. We many times, through the incitement of some good motion, beginne well, but fail in the execution; * we make faire promises, but we doe not second them in our practice; but let us not deceive our selves, God will not be mocked, *non verbis penitentia agenda, sed actu*: let us not promise God better obedience with our lips, then we perform with our hearts. Be not rash to vow a thing before God, but when thy word hath past thy lips, then be as carefull to perform, as thou wast forward before to promise.

Lastly, let us alwaies follow that holy counsell given in Ecclesiasticus, *In all thy actions think upon thy latter end, and thou shalt never doe amisse*: and that of the Prophet David, *keep innocency, and doe the thing that is right; for*
that

that shall bring a man peace at the
last : peace with God , peace
with men, and peace with our
own conscience. In the world,
saith our *Saviour*, shall ye have
trouble, but in me ye shall have
peace. The world is our sea,
but *Christ* is our haven ; the
world is our warfare, but *Christ*
is our rest : the world is full of
storms, but *Christ* is our peace ;
in me you shall have peace.
Hence it was, that the Saints of
God alwayes have taken exceed-
ing joy in their tribulation ; be-
cause *Christ* was their comfort
and peace : he sweetned all their
sorrows. Hence it was that
Saint *Augustine* so resolutely
brake forth ; *Hic ure , hic seca,*
modo in aeternum parcas ; he re-
garded not what pressures *God*
laid upon him : So he vouchsafed
patience here, and heaven here-
after.

Solus is
charum
non amic-
tit, cui il-
le charus
est qui
non amit-
titur ;

after. What ever we doe or can suffer in this life, the abundance of our eternall joy, shall infinitely recompense the vweight of our sorrovves: Our light afflictions, vvhich are but for a moment, doe cause unto us a farre more excellent and exceeding weight of glory. Our combat here is short, but our triumph eternall. And who would not endure a few crosses and windings in his way, when he knowes they will bring him to his journeys end? Who would not, for a little season, expose himself to the mercy of the waves, to be tossed on the Sea, when he is assured, with *S. Paul*, to come safely to the shore?

Impossibile est, ut
in utroq;
seculo be-
atus sis, ut
in cælo &
in terra
appareas
gloriosus.
Hier.

Besides we must not expect to establish our happinesse here, and to enjoy our heaven hereafter.

It

It is impossible a man should flow in his delights in this world; and then drink at the fountain of everlasting blisse in the world to come.

O then let us embrace the conflict, that we may obtain the Crown. *Melior est modica amaritudo in faucibus, quàm æternum tormentum in visceribus:* i. e. a little gall in the mouth is not so painfull, as continuall torments in the bowels. Farre better it is to summe up our reckonings here, then to have our debts upon the score hereafter; * farre better to unloose our souls, from the immoderate embracements of the comforts of this world, and to endure the straits & pinchings of a more reserved course for fixty or seventy years in this life, then be eternally tormented for ever more.

* Vna hora erit gravior in pena, quam centum anni in amarissima pœnitentia.
Thomas de Kemp.

Saint

Saint *Chrysostome* hath an excellent expression to this purpose: Suppose a man, saith he, much desiring sleep, and in his perfect minde, had an offer made him of one nights sweet rest, upon condition to be punished a hundred years for it: would he accept (think you) of his sleep upon such termes? Now look what one night is to an hundred years, the same is the life present, compared with that to come: Nay look what a drop of water is to the sea; the same, and no more is a thousand years to Eternity. Who then of sound judgement, for the short fruition of a transitory contentment in this life, would expose himself to the horror of eternall flames in the life to come? And therefore whiles we have our abode in this vale
of

of misery, we should alwaies pray with Saint *Bernard*, grant us, *Lord*, that we may so partake of temporall felicities, that we may not lose eternall. All things under the Sunne have their alterations and changings, but things above are permanent, and of an induring substance. He that can be secure, and sure of the happinesse to come, builds up his house upon a firm foundation. How small a modell of time, how short a period is the longest life, when once it is finished? Recollect with thy self, saith Saint *Augustine*, the years that are passed from *Adams* time untill now; turne over the whole Scripture, and the time since the fall will seem but as yesterday. For what are the times past? If thou hadst lived from *Adams* day till this hour;
 E thou

* Da, Do-
 mine, ut
 sic possi-
 deamus
 tempora-
 lia, ut non
 perdamus
 æterna.
 Omnia
 ei salva
 sunt, cui
 salva est
 beata æ-
 ternitas.

thou wouldst easily have judged, that this life hath no perpetuity in it, which flees away so swiftly. For what is the life of any man, suppose the longest age? It is but like the morning dew, like the twinkling of an eye, in a trice it is gon. I have seen an end of all perfection, saith *David*. But here, ô Christian, let me deal more plainly with thee; thou wilt readily acknowledge all things under the frame of Heaven are perishing, and Heaven is thy thought, Eternity is thine aym. Now if it be so, why art thou then so dul in thy course of holinesse, so frozen in thy zeal, so inclinable to every motion of sin, so easily overcome by every incitement to wantonnesse, never more calm and unseasonably patient, then when thy affections should be enflamed,

enflamed, and thy heart kindled
with a just indignation in Gods
cause: and on the other side, ne-
vermore fretting, whining and
inquiet, then when thou should-
est be meek & patient, & cheer-
fully disposed under the burden
of afflictions? How can it be
that we should have eternity in
our mindes, & yet live no better
in our manners? Now that we
may the easier discern the de-
ceitfulness of our hearts herein;
let us examine our selves by the
example of *Iacob*. This *Patriarch*
Iacob served his uncle *Laban* sea-
ven years for *Rachel* his daugh-
ter, and the greatness of his affe-
ction towards her, made that
time seem but as a few dayes.
(To apply this:) Thou art a
Servant, as *Iacob* was, but thou
serves not such a Master as *Iacob*
did, thou serves not man, but
E 2 God,

God, thy maker and a faithfull
rewarder; thou serves not for a
wife, but for a kingdom; not
for an earthly contentation, but
for an heavenly habitation: And
yet behold the short affliction of
one day can enervate thy love,
and unlock thy affections from
God and heaven: Every crosse
accident stops thee in thy course,
every little sorrow disquiets thy
soul, and lessens thy content-
ment. Behold here, measure
by the example of *Jacob* the
strength of thy love: *Jacob* could
serve seaven years with cheer-
fulness for a wife, but thou canst
hardly serve thy *God* so many
dayes with a true affection for
Heaven: For reckon up all the
nights thou hast spent in prayer,
summe up all the dayes that
thou hast worne out in religious
exerciles, and canst thou then
truly

truly say to God as *Iacob* did to his uncle, In thy service night and day have I macerated my body with heat and cold, and my sleep departed from mine eyes; twenty years have I laboured in thy service: couldst thou say thus, and say it truly, ô then what would be the end of thy labour, what would thy reward be? not flocks of cattell, nor the daughters of *Laban*, but God himself would be thy exceeding great reward, thy life and happines; He would be unto thee every thing that thy heart can desire or long for; Thy soul should flowe, and even melt in abundance of spirituall delights.

But now take a little view of thine own vilenes, thy own nakednes, thy utter disability to any thing that may be truly cal-

led good. Thy hands are feeble to Gods work, thy feet are slow to Gods temple, thine eyes are seared, or shut up towards heaven; But for the works of flesh and Satan, thy heart is hot to envy, thy minde prone to revenge, thy tongue voluble to blaspheme, thy affections even glued and incorporated, as it were, into sensuall embraces; And is this to serve God for Heaven? shall the blessednesse of the *Saints*, and the glory of *Angels*, and the joy, and fruition of God himself, be powdered out upon such works as these? Dost thou thus requite thy maker?

O consider, consider, I say, thy waies in time; labour to serve God, as *Iacob* did: labour to approve thy self as faithfull to God, as *Iacob* was to his uncle

Laban

Laban : And if the weight of the labour discourage thee, or adversity oppresse thee, or prosperity seduce thee; then lift up thine eyes to heaven, as *Jacob* did to his *Rachel* : Let heaven be thy love, thy spouse, the delight of thine eyes, the joy of thy heart; Behold, thy *Rachel* is fair, and lovely, Heaven is both beautifull and glorious : Let thy desires goe before, whither thou meanest to hasten after : suffer for a season thy light affliction, having an eye to the recompence of reward; yet and but a little while, and thou shalt approach the haven, where thou shalt enjoy so much the more happines, by how much the deeper thou hast drunk in sorrow; and by how much the more ardent thy affections have been towards God in this life, the more abund-

Eo dirigendus est spiritus, quo aliquando est iturus.

dant shall thy reward be in the
lifeto come; then shall thy crof-
ses prove thy gains, and that
well-spring of joy which shall
ever rise in thy heart, shall swal-
low up all thy sorrows.

CHAP. II.

*Shewing that there is no other way,
nor possible means to attain to the
true eternity, but by a confi-
dent affiance upon the mer-
cy of God in Christ.*

Such and so deplorable is the
Scondition of every man, con-
sidered in his corrupted and de-
generated state, that albeit he be
able by that small spark of natu-
rall illumination, which is left
in his minde, to see as in a glasse,
darkly and obscurely an eternity
to come; yet is he utterly igno-
rant

rant of the true way thereunto,
neither hath he any possibility
in nature to finde it out: He is in
no better state then the poor cree-
ple at the pool of *Bethesda*, who
saw the waters that could heal
him before his eyes, but found
no means to help him into them.

For that sound and perfect
knowledge of the true way,
which man was adorned with in
his first creation, is wholly lost
and extinguished in him, he is
now a meer *Stranger from the life*
of God, Ephes. 4. 18. *dead in tres-*
passes and sinnes, Ephes. 1. 2. *re-*
probate to every good work, Tit. 1.
16. *his very minde is defiled*, Tit.
1. 15. *his wisdom is death*, Rom.

8. 6. * He is no more able of
himself to leade a holy life, ac-
ceptable to God, then a dead
man is to perform the actions of
one that is alive. Being thus

* *Nemo
aliunde
Deo pla-
cer, nisi ex
eo quod
ipse dona-
verit.*

disrobed of all spirituall endowments and saving grace : how shall he attain to that joyfull *Eternity*, which his soul (as I have said) may long for, but can no way reach ? Certainly, there is no light to lead him, but that * light of the world; no way for him to take to, but that *new and living way*, even him, who hath stiled himself, *the way, the truth, and the life*; no rock to cleave to, but this *strong foundation*; no name under Heaven to be saved by, but this, even this alone, *Iesus Christ, yesterday, and to day, and the same for ever*. He, and he alone is the onely sure, effectuall, infallible means of our salvation : He alone is the true *High Priest*, who was once offered to take away sinnes, and after that entered into the true *sanctuary*, the very *Heaven*, to appear

* Si Christum habes, æternitatem per Christum in te habes.
Alst.

appear in the sight of God for us, where he is able perfectly to save them, which come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them, Heb. 7.

26. He alone is the ground of our hope, the crown of our glory, and the strength of our confidence. * It's he alone, who by the sweet influence of his grace, and by the secret working of his spirit, can (when he will,) and doth (when he please) subdue and bring under the most obdurate, gainsaying, and rebellious heart, to a cheerfull, willing, and ready obedience to his heavenly will. O the infinite and inexpressible tenderneffe of our loving Saviour towards us ! When we, like sheep, had gon astray, his mercy reduced us : When we lay wallowing in our blood, his pity refresh't us :

When

* Oculum
tuum Do-
mine non
excludit
cor clau-
sum, nec
manum
tuam re-
pellit du-
ritia homi-
num, Aug.

When we were dead in our sins, his death did revive us : and here we may truly say with *David*, *his mercy reacheth to the Heavens*. From the Heavens came the price of our redemption. We were not, neither could we be redeemed by the blood of bulls and goats, by thousands of rivers of oyl, by the cattle that are upon a thousand mountains. It was not the treasures of the world, the power of men or Angels could purchase this freedom, nothing could cleanse us, but the blood of the *Lamb* : He was that fountain, opened for sin, and for uncleanness ; He was that *Sonne of righteousness*, that came with healing in his wings. His were the wounds, that healed our sores ; his was the back, that bare our sorrows ; his was the price, that quit our
scores ;

scores; he assumed our flesh to redeem us here, and he reigns as a king to crown us hereafter. Now what remains after all this to be done on our parts? Let us rest on this *Anchor*, let us flee to this *hold*, and build on this *foundation*: For no other foundation can any man lay, then that which is laid, *Iesus Christ*. Let us cast our souls into the arms of our *Saviour*: *In brachijs Salvatoris mei & vivere volo, & mori cupio*, saith *S. Bernard*: O let this be our desire: Now the gate is open, let us not deferre the time of entrance: Now is the acceptable time, let us not procrastinate the season: Now he offers his mercy, he shews his long sufferance, let us not turn his grace into wantonnesse; let us follow the counsell of the sonne of *Sirach*: Eccles. the 5. *Make*

no long tarrying to turn to the Lord, and put not off from day to day : For suddainly shall the wrath of the Lord break forth, and in thy security thou shalt be destroyed, and thou shalt perish in time of vengeance. But alas, farre otherwise it is with us in our practice : * A great portion of our time is crumbled away in doing ill, a greater part in doing nothing, and our whole life in doing that which we should not, or in matters (as we say) upon the by. And as *Archimedes* was secure and busy about drawing lines on the ground, when *Syracuse* was taken : so is it with us. Now that our eternall safety lyes at stake, we lye puzzling in our dust, I mean, in our worldly negotiations : But for our eternity shortly approaching, we seldom or rarely

* Magna
pars vitæ
elabatur
male agentibus,
maxima
nihil agentibus, tota
aliud agentibus.

ly think of it. We are, like *Martha*, troubled about many things, when one thing is necessary: But this one thing is that, which of all other things is least regarded, and in the last place. We seldom seek heaven, till death doth summon us to leave the earth: we have many evasions to gull our own hearts, many excuses to procrastinate our repentance; like *Dionysius* the *Sicilian* king, who to excuse himself for the present delivery of the golden garment, which he took from his god *Apollo*, answered, that such a robe as that was, could not be at any season of the year usefull to his god: it would not keep him warm in the winter, and it was too heavy for the summer: So many there be, saith *S. Ambrose*, who play with God, and with their

their own foul. You must not
(say they) seek for the vigour
and life of Religion in the hearts
of young men; For youth, as
the proverb is, must have his
swinge: neither can you expect it
in the company of the aged: for
their age, and those distempers,
which accompany it, make them
a burden to themselves, and dulls
the edge of their intentions unto
all their serious undertakings.
Thus both the summer and the
winter of our age are unfit for
Gods service: But let us not thus
cheat ourselves. If God be God,
let us follow him; let us not put
off the day of reconciliation, and
say in our hearts, To morrow we
will do it, when yet we cannot
tell, vvhhat shall be to morrow:
for vvhhat is our life? It is even a
vapour, that appears for a little
time, and afterwards vanisheth
away.

away. Hence it was that *Macedo-*
nus, being invited a day before to
a feast, replied to the messenger,
Why doth thy Master invite me
for to morrow, vvh whereas for this
many years I have not promised
to my self one daies life? No man
dreads death as he ought, but he
that alwaies expects his sum-
mons; and therefore vve may
truly judge such men wofully se-
cure, and wilfull contemners of
the future good, who can go to
their beds, and rest on their pil-
lows in the apprehension of their
known sins, vvithout a particu-
lar humiliation for them. For
how oft doth a sudden and un-
expected death arrest men? We
see and know in our daily expe-
rience, many lay themselves to
sleep in health and safety, yet are
they found dead in the morning.
Thus suddenly are they rapt
from

Nemo
mortem
satis ca-
vet, nisi
qui sem-
per cavet.

from their quiet repose to their irrecoverable judgement, perchance from their feathers to flames of fire; such is the frail condition of our brittle lives, vvithin the small particle of an hour, live, and sicken, and die: yet so grosse is our blindnesse, that from one day to another, nay, from one yeer to another, we triflingly put off the reformation of our lives, untill our last hour creepes on us unlookt for, and dragges us to eternitie.

Saint *Augustine*, striving with all his endeavours against the backwardnes and slownes of his own heart to turne to the Lord, bitterly complained within himself, *Quamdiu, quamdiu, cras, cras?* *Quare non hâc horâ finis turpitudinis mee?* How long (saith he) o how long shall I delude my soule with to morrows repentance?

Why

Why should not this hour terminate my sinfulness? We are every minute at the brink of death, & every hour, that we passe thorow, might prove (for ought we know) the evening of our whole life, and the very close of our mortalitie. Now if it should please God to take away our souls from us this night (as suddenly falls out to some) what would then become of us? In what Eternitie should we be found? Whether amongst the damned, or the blessed? Happie were it for us, if we were but as carefull for the welfare of our souls, as we are curious for the adorning of our bodies: if our clothes or faces do contract any blot or soiling, we presently endeavour to cleanse the same: But though our souls lie inthrall'd in the pollutions of sin, this alas we
feel

Agenda
est p̄ni-
tentiā, nō
solum solū
licitē, ve-
rum etiam
maturē.

feel not, it neither provokes us to shame, nor moves us to sorrow. Wherefore let us look into our hearts with a severer eye: Let the shortnesse of our dayes stir us up to the amendment of our sinful lives; and let the hour, wherein we have sinned, be the beginning of our reformation, according to that of Saint *Ambrose*, Our *repentance must be, not onely sincere, but timely also: whilest we have the light, let us walk as children of the light*: Let us not any longer cheat our souls in studying to invent evasions or pretences for our sins; but rather lay open our sores, and seek to the true *Physician*, that can heal them. All the creatures under the sun do naturally intend their own preservation, and desire that happinesse, which is agreeable to their nature: onely man is negligent, and impi-

impiously carelesse of his own welfare. We see the Hart, when he is stricken and wounded, looks speedily for a certain herb, well known unto him by a kinde of naturall instinct; & when he hath found it, applies it to the wound. The swallow, when her young ones are blinde, knowes how to procure them their sight by the use of her Celandine: But we alas are wounded, yet seek for no remedy; we go customarily to our beds, to our tables, to our good company; but who is he that observes his constant course of prayer, of repentance, of hearty and sincere humiliation for his sins? We go forward still in our old way, and jogge on in the same rode: Though our judgement hasten, hell threaten, death stand at the door, yet we thrust onward still; & in *dulcem declinamus*

namus lumina somnum : But alas, miserable souls as we are, can we embrace quiet rests and uninterrupted sleeps with such wounded consciences? Can we be so secure, being so near our ruine?

But you will say, we have passed already many nights without danger; no sicknesse in the night hath befallne us hitherto, why then should any fear of death amaze or trouble us?

Admit all this, yet, be not too confident; one hour may accomplish that, which a thousand years could not produce: and think with your selves, what a little distance there is, between your souls and death: Let me ask the strongest of men on earth, what certainty of life canst thou promise thy self, seeing that either a little bone in thy throat may choak thee, or a tile from thy

thy house may brain thee, or
some malignant ayre may poi-
son thee, and then where art
thou? There are a thousand
waies, whereby suddenly a man
may come to his end; and certain
it is, that *Mors illa maxime impro-*

Tu te pri-
us ab-
reptum
miraberis,
quam me-
tueres ab-
ripien-
dum.

*visa est, cujus vita precedens non
fuit provida, i. e.* that death is the
suddenest, which is not ushered
in with a foregoing preparation.
It is therefore a speciall point of
wisdom to think every day our
last, yea to account every hour
the period of our lives. For look
how many pores there are in the
bodie, so many windows are
there to let in death: yea, we car-
ry our deaths continually about
us in our bosomes; and who can
promise himself his life till the
evening? Death doth not al-
wayes send forth her harbingers
to give notice of her coming; she
often

often presseth in unlookt for, and suddenly attacheth the unprovided soul. Watch therefore, because ye know neither the day, nor the hour: work whilest ye have the day; for the night comes, wherein no man can work: look towards thy evening, and cast thy thoughts upon that long Eternitie; Death first or last will apprehend thee: expect it therefore at every turn, and of this assure thy self, * as death leaveth thee, so shal judgement finde thee. How improvidently secure then are those, who set up their rest in the comforts of this life, and overly-regard their eternall welfare? This is the generall carelesnesse of our times.

If a man have a perpetuities but of five shillings yearly rent, what travel, and pains, and sweat, what beating of his braine and exhaust-

* Qualis
quisque in
hac vita
meretur,
talis in die
novissimo
judicabitur.

exhausting of his treasure wil he run thorow, before he will lose one dram of his right? Yet our eternall inheritāce is cast behinde us, & undervalued as a trifle, not worth the seeking, & this shews our small love to our home: for we little esteem of that which we take small pains for. All other things, which conduce to our temporall well being, we seek with circumspection, and enjoy them with content, but matters of *Eternitie* we conceive of, as things far distant from us, we scarcely entertain them in our thoughts. We busie not our understandings in the search of those things which we see not: things present & obvious to our sight do best affect us. We are ill sighted upward, weak and dim eyes have we towards heaven.

The truth of this appeares even in children, who presently

F

even

even from the cradle, drink in the rudiments of vice; they learn to swear, riot, drink, and the like enormities with the smallest teaching; but they are utterly indisposed to any vertuous inclinations. They soon apprehend what belongs to the curiositie of behaviour, and deportment of the body, and the fashions of the times; *Hoc discunt omnes ante Alpha & Beta puelli*; but for Heaven and that Eternity, they are wholly averse from it, they are utterly incapable of the things above; they carry about them, as the liverie of their first parents, not only an indisposition, but a very opposition to goodnesse: And whereas for other employments and undertakings, they have certain naturall notions in them, bending their intentions to naturall works, some one way, and some another; yet they have

not

not so much as any apprehension
 of the things of God. * Thus it
 is with children, and thus it is
 with all men, even those of the
 ripest, and most piercing under-
 standing, untill the light of Gods
 Spirit hath shined on the hearts,
 and powerfully wrought some
 spirituall holy dispositions in
 in them. *The naturall man* (saith
 the Apostle) *neither doth, nor can*
discern the things that are of God.
 O how infinitely miserable and
 deplorable is his state, who ha-
 ving neither knowledge of the
 true life, nor possibilitie of him-
 selfe to finde it out: * yet runnes
 on securely in his damned way,
 untill he fall wofully and irrecor-
 verably into the pit, wher he will
 not have, (no not when he hath
 uncomfortably worne out mil-
 lions of years) the least intermis-
 sion of sorrow, or drop of com-

* Homo
 sine gra-
 tia præter
 carnem .
 nihil sa-
 pit, intel-
 ligit aut
 potest.

* Cum ex-
 ul sit a pa-
 tria exul-
 tat in via.

fort, or hope of pardon? Here on earth malefactors condemned to die, have this comfort (though wretched) that one hour commonly terminates all their griefes in this life: but the torments of the damned are not concluded in an age; nay, the end and period of ten thousand yeers will not end their sorrow: And this is it which adds more to their sufferings, even their unhappie knowledge of the perpetuities of them; they have not so much as any hope of releasement.

Hope in this life hath such a power in it, that it can yeeld some comfort in the midst of trouble; the sick man, whilest his soul is in him, he hath hope, but after this life, this small refreshment is denied the damned, all their hope is turned into desperation.

tion. The prophet *Daniel*, cap. 4. 14. heard the voice of an holy one crying, *Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit, nevertheles leave the stump of his root in the earth.* Thus it is with men in this world, saith *Ambrose*, their leaves and their flowers are shaken; their delights are taken from them; but the roots remain, and their hope is not abolished. But it is not so in hell; (saith he) There both flower & stump; nay, & even all hope too, are banished away frō them. The day of the *Lord*, saith the prophet *Malachi*, shall burn them up, & leave them neither root nor brāch. The very hope, saith *Salomō*, of the wicked shal perish; what should this teach us, but whilst our hope remains, to improve our few daies to our best advātage, to make straighter paths

* *Extrema
gaudii lu-
cus occu-
pat.*

to our selves, to abridge our inordinate appetites, in some measure of their vain and fruitlesse joyes; and with all the power of our affections strive to attain that haven, where no billow shall affright us, no storms astonish us, no perils indanger us? Then shall our dissolution prove our gain, and our death our glory: if otherwise we persist wilfully in the paths of our voluptuousnes, and solace our selves in the vain ioyes of our own hearts, & in the sight of our eyes; certainly it will be bitterness in the later end. * All our earthly delights will glide away lik a swift river: *The rejoycing of the wicked is short, saith Iob, and the joy of a sinner is but for a moment*: Though his excellencie mount up to the heaven, and his head reach unto the clouds, yet shall he perish for ever like his dung,

dung, but the righteous is like a strong mountain, and he shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Wherefore to draw to a conclusion, just occasion might here be taken for deploring the negligence, and unhappy condition of our times. Where are there any that take into their thoughts the due consideration of the time to come? Where shall we finde any truly provident for immortality? we so live as though we conceived of Eternity but as of a fable, or a dream; the sweet allurements of sin doe so strangely beguile many, that by gentle degrees they obliterate, and extinguish in them all love of vertue, and the very inclinations themselves to any thing, that may be truly tearmed good.

But let us no longer delude our selves, by fancying a perpetuity

Sic plerique vivimus, ac si fabula foret omnis æternitas.

tuity on earth, behold the judge
 * Momē. stands before the door: * The
 ro fiet, strongest holds in the World
 quod tota will not be able to detain us one
 doleat æ- minute, when God shall be
 ternitas. pleased to call for our souls: and
 Ante ocu- therefore let us, before all things,
 los præ have continually in our sight
 omnibus the last day: and let us every
 habeamus moment fear the punishment of
 diem ul- eternall pains.

tim, &
 momentis
 singulis
 supplicia
 timeamus
 dolorum
 æternorū.

CHAP. III.

*Certain conclusions drawn from the
 serious and devout considera-
 tion of Eternity.*

The first conclusion.

IF they, who runne on in any
 notorious sin, did but rightly
 weigh how fast they goe to-
 wards the Eternity of torments,
 (since that by the least command
 or stroke of God, they may be
 unavoidably

Confecto
 demum
 scelere, e-
 jus mag-
 nitudo in-
 telligitur.

unavoidably hurl'd to death and destruction :) Certainly they would not, for all the kingdoms in *Europe*, for all the treasures of *Asia*, nay not for the whole world, deferre their repentance one houre; much lesse would they goe so confidently to their beds, without fear or horreur, being so near the pits brink, and lying in the danger of so great a sin : For what would it profit a man, to winne the whole world, and lose his soul : wherefore who ever thou art, *Nulli parcas, ut soli parcas animæ,*

* what ever become of all other things, yet have a speciall care for the salvation of thy precious soul.

* Omnia si perdas animam servare memento.

H. Our heads are fill'd with care in these strait and pinching times, how we shall live in the world, when our souls should

be more inquisitive ? how we shall live out of the world, when death hath landed us in eternity. For what matters it, how short our stock of provisions be here, where we are breaking up house, and on the point of departing ? A man that comes to an Inne, if he meet with hard fare, course lodging, it never troubles him : for it is, sayes he, but for a night, I shall away next morrow ; so our habitations in this world, are but like *Jonahs* gourd, they shelter us but (as it were) for a night ; I care not for mans day (saith the Apostle) and in truth wherein is it to be regarded ? for what is mans day to eternity ? What is it to that God with whom we must live for ever ? Therefore care we not whether our failes be high or low, or what vain men think

think of us, but what the eternall *God* thinks of us : and what we shall be thought of in that Kingdom, where we must live and abide for ever.

III. Did faith give men as cleer a sight of spirituall things, as sense doth of temporall, what manner of lives would they live ? how would they be exalted in the world above the world ? I have lost, saies one, the favour of such and such great men : but is there not ten thousand times more sweetnes in the favour of *God* ? These spoiling times, saith another, have bereaved me of wife, children, estate, what ever was neer and dear unto me ; well, but is not the Author of all thy comfort alive still ? and will not the light of the sun content thee, though all thy candles be put out ? cheer
up

up, man, bare Christ is wealth enough; if *God* be thy portion, thou injoyest infinitely more, then the world can lend thee: For all creature-comforts have but their measure, and proportion of goodnes in them: no creature hath all good in it; Cloaths serve but to warm us, meat to nourish us, houses to shelter us, physick to recover us, but *God* hath all good in himself: he is sight to the blinde, health to the sick, liberty to the captive, light to them that sit in darknes, all things to all men. They that put their trust in the *Lord*, saith *David*, *Shall want no manner of thing that is good*. This is very full, *no manner of thing that is good*: mark what *God* said to *Abraham*, *I am thy exceeding great reward*; *God* is a reward, an exceeding great reward to his

his people; when you take in any creature comfort, you doe but sip at Gods bounty: but when you taste of God himself, oh then you have a fulnes indeed. *In thy presence is fulnes of joy, and at thy right hand, there is pleasure for evermore.*

IV. We carry immortall souls about us, and therefore we should have immortall aims, immortall ends. When Satan shall tender any thing as lovely to thy apprehension, say to him, will thy pleasure, thy security, thy ease, to which thou invitest my soul, abide forever? I cannot be happy but in an eternall good. That which must fill up all the chinks of my soul, must be a pure good, a totall good, and an eternall good. If the good I doe injoy, be not pure and all good, then some thing must

must be wanting, and there will be imperfection : and though it be pure and all good, yet if not unchangeably so, then it is but like a candle, which at last will be extinguished : and the consideration that it must end, will diminish my happines, and abate my joy. But sure I am, my Saviours counsell is sweet and saving, and incloseth fulnes of comfort in it; *Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth to eternall life.* Since a portion may be had in dyamonds, why should I set my heart on lumber ?

V. Some begin to live, when they are about to dye, and this estate is perillous : and some doe dye before they beginne to live, and this estate is desperate ; the speediest work is safest, when thou tradeest for eternity. Too late

late providence is often seconded with everlasting repentance.

6. Many there are, who runne headlong, and blindfold to their long home, like the rich glutton in the Gospell, which never began to open his eyes and look upwards, till he was in torment: All the while he lived on earth, his eyes were shut up, and when it was too late, namely when he was thrown to hell, then began he to look upward and about him.

So many now adaies they goe on in a pleasing and easie way; And * they are never sensible that they are out of the way, till they arrive at the end of their journey. All the misery lies in the close of the day, For out of the pit is no redemption: when once the soul is split upon this rock,

Cæsi ad æternitatem ad-
unt, ex
qua nun-
quam exi-
bunt.

* In via
nemo er-
rat, sed in
fine viæ,
via pluri-
bus placet,
sed dis-
plicet &
terret viæ
terminus.

rock, it gives to the world his everlasting farewell, according to that of *Job. cap. 7. 9. as the cloud vanisheth and goeth away: so he that goes down to the grave, shall come up no more, he shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.*

VII. It is recorded of *Lazarus*, that after his resurrection from the dead, he was never seen to laugh. The stream of his affections were now turned into another channell; his thoughts were fixt in heaven, though his body was on earth: and therefore * he could not but slight temporall things, when his heart was bent towards eternall. Oh, that we could work our hearts and souls to a vehement thirst after *Christ*, the true eternity! For if *Christ* be our end, our joy shall be endlesse, *nullo fine regna-*

* *Æternis
inhiaranti
in fastidio
sunt om-
nia transi-
toria, .
Bern.*

his

*bis cum Christo, si Christus tibi
fuit.*

VIII. The minde of man is so much the more sensible of the evil present, by how much lesse it meditates on the good to come. For he that looks towards the reward, will vilify the sufferings. Saint *Austin* runs on sweetly in his meditations upon this subject; Eternall labour, saith he, is but an equall compensation for an eternall rest. But if thou shouldest endure this eternall labour, thou couldst never arrive at that eternall rest: Therefore hath the mercy of God ordained thy sorrows to be temporall, that thy joys may be eternall; and yet, saith he, * who is there, that thinks on *God* as he ought? Such thoughts are irksome to us; But for temporall vanities we think of

* Ubi est
cogitatio
Dei? ni-
mis pro-
fundæ fa-
ctæ sunt
cogitatio-
nes Dei.
Aug.

Noli gaudere ut
piscis, qui
in sua ex-
ultat esca,
nondum
enim tra-
xithamum
piscator.
Aug.

* Ideo
Deus ter-
renis fæli-
citatibus
amaritu-
dinem
miscet, ut
alia quæ-
ratur fæ-
licitas, cu-
jus dulce-
do non est
fallax.

of them with delight ; and enjoy
them with contentment : Now,
saith he, look in and about thy
self, see where thou art ; *God*
hath his hook in thy nostrills,
and can pluck thee up when he
pleaseth : and though he suffer
thee (according to thy calculati-
on) a long time, yet what is the
longest time of man to eternity?
Yea though thou shouldest
lengthen out thy dayes to ma-
ny hundred of years ; yet still
thou art transitory, and exposed
to the common condition of all
men. Then fix thy heart on
God, and so enjoying that eter-
nity, thou shalt make thy self
eternall ; and be not discoura-
ged for thy tribulations, and
daily disquietings in this world :
for such is gods love, such his
abundant kindnes towards his
elect ; that he * corrects them,

to the end they might not be condemned with the world hereafter. Be not therefore (I say) cast down with any crosses whatsoever, that may befall thee in this life; for the things that are present, are temporall, but the things to come are eternall. When we see the friends of this world, the eager embracers of the comforts of this life, upon every summons of death strive to deferre, what they cannot utterly avoid, their corporall dissolutions; oh how great care, what indefatigable diligence, what restlessse endeavours should we use, that we might live for ever? Let us again, and again, meditate on these things, and with due care foresee eternity, before we unexpectedly fall into it. Certain it is, * all things passe away in this life, on-

* Omnia
transcunt,
sola restat
& non
transibit
æternitas.

ly

ly eternity hath no period: let us redeem the time, and work while we have the day: for if we neglect good duties here, we shall never regain the like opportunity hereafter. This life (saith *Nazianzen*) is as it were our *fair day* or market-day, let us now buy what we want, while the faire lasts; while we have time, let us doe good unto all men: * Happy is the man that so lives here, that the remembrance of his well-spent life, may yeeld him joy hereafter; For otherwise *levis hic neglectus, æternum fit dispendium, i.e.* A small neglect in the ordering of our time in this world, will be seconded with an eternall losse in the world to come.

IX. Death is the ending of our dayes, not of our life. For when our day shall close, and our time shall

* Tu dormis sed tempus tuum non dormit, sed ambulat imo volat. Bene illis qui sic vivunt, sicut vixisse se volunt cum moriendum erit faciantque ea quæ in æternitate constituti fecisse se gaudebunt.
Amb.

shall be no more, then shall our death conduct us to a life, which will last for all Eternity : For we dye not here to dye, but to live for ever. Therefore the best guide of our life, is the consideration of our death : and he alone leads a life answerable to his Christian profession, who daily expects to leave it. Me thinks 'ts strange, men should be so industriously carefull to avoid their death, and so carelessly improvident of the life to come, when as nothing makes death bad, but that estate which follows it : but the reason is , we are spiritually blinde and see not, nor know, in this our day, the things that belong to our peace. We have naturally neither sight nor feeling of the joyes to come. But when God shall enlighten the darknesse of our mindes, and
reveal

reveal his sonne in us, vvhhen once the *day dawneth*, and that *day-starre* ariseth in our hearts, ô then our death will be our joy, and therejoycing of our hearts, then shall we infinitely desire to be dissolued, and to be with *Christ*. Let us therefore with unwearied endeavours labour to bring *Christ* home to our hearts, and to keep him there. Let us dye to our selves, and to our lusts here, that so in the world to come, we may everlastingly live unto Christ and in him.

Some directions for the better ordering of our lives, in the way to a happy eternity.

SInne and grace are both eternal, both reach to eternity; and so doe all the actions that proceed

proceed from either. Hence it follows, that a gracious life, is the beaten path-way to a glorious eternity. Therefore to the end thy Being hereafter may be as happy, as it must be long: take in these directions.

In all thy dealings amongst the sonnes of men, be that thou seemest; amuse not the world with flourishes, labour not to be more outwardly glorious, then inwardly sincere. Alas, what a melancholy peece of busines will it prove in the end, to be a man of praises, as it were, for a day: and afterwards (if repentance prevent it not,) to be a man of sorrows for ever? to have this life comfortable, and eternity miserable? What ever thy hand shall finde to be done, cast first in thy thoughts: Whether durst I act this same thing, were

* *Quicquid agis, quicquid suscipis, tecum prius cogita, num tale aliquod ageres, si hac hora esset moriendum.* were I now to die? * Its good to live by dying principles. A frequent arraignment of thy heart, will render thy life comfortable, thy death peacefull, thy eternity glorious, and shelter thee from many snares and temptations, which otherwise sin and Satan would cast upon thee.

When thou settest upon any religious duty, seriously weigh with thy self, what the temper of thy heart is towards it. Oh what a sad thing is it, (if judiciously balanced,) to think I have begun, and ended a holy duty, before a most holy God, but felt not what I spake. My heart was sealed up: labour therefore above all things, whilst thy soul in any exercise is in communion with God, to keep thy affection on the wing, and strive

not

not so much to be long winded,
as heart-wounded in thy petiti-
ons, as knowing assuredly, that
when once thy devotion is flat-
tered, (though thy speech doe con-
tinue,) thy prayer is done.

We live in dismall dayes, fire
and sword rage round about us,
yet our greatest enemies lodge
in our bosome. Labour thou by
thy prayers and pains to master
thy corruptions : Then cruell
cut throats, though they may
pull thy heart from thy body,
can never take God from thy
heart, then death it self, (that
king of terrors) need not affright
thee, because hereby thy soul is
but let out of a cage, and her out-
going from this life, is but an
in going to a better.

When once thou hast devoted
thy self to the service of God,
thou wilt finde thy heart to be a
very busy thing. Thou wilt e-

G

ver

ver and anon be forcing thy self upon vows and resolution, to doe more for God, to fight more eagerly, more effectually against thy worser self; but remember this by the way, that self-confidence is an inlet to often failings; Therefore ingage *Christ* with thee, in all thy purposes: and let *S. Pauls* profession, in this particular, be thy instruction, and digest it into practice; I can doe all things through *Christ* that strengthens me.

There is now adayes much wording of religiō in the world, but favour and frowns, like strange byasses, doe frequently twist men round; and this is the garb of these unhappy times; but to avoid intanglements of this nature, *Study to be quiet, and meddle with thine own busines*: (and as it is said of humble men,) be thou more troubled with thy self

self, then with all the world besides. Live (as thou canst,) a disingaged man. *Innocency, and Independency*, are prevalent means to keep the soul close to God.

I have done with directing thee : the Lord direct us all, that our reformation may be answerable to our incoms of mercy, otherwise, though all our enemies were destroyed, yet shall we finde divisions enough at home to ruine us.

X. Now that we may be the better encouraged to raise up our endeavours to the attainment of this happy eternity ; Let us in a word consider the abundant, and the ever-flowing happines in the world to come ; Neither eye hath seen, nor eare hath heard, nor tongue can expresse the joys that *God* hath provided for them that love him. *Saint Augustine* being ravished with the desire of

Ubi nul-
lum erit
malum,
nullum
laeabit
bonum.

Praemium
virtutis
erit ipse,
qui virtu-
tem dedit.

this life breaketh out with an inflamed affection : how great shall that happines be , where there can be no unclean thing, where no good can be wanting, where every creature doth praise and admire his *Creatour*, who is all in all things ? How great shall that reward be, where the river of vertue shall be himself the reward of vertue? how great shall that abundance be, where the author of all plenty shall be unto me life and soul, and rayment, health, and peace, and honour, and all things ; yea the end and compleat object of all my desires ? For in his presence is the fulnes of joy, and at his right hand there is pleasure for evermore. How great shall that blessednesse be, where we shall have the Lord our debtor, who hath promised to reward our good deeds ; where we shall have the Lord

Lord for our portion, who will be to us, (as he was to *Abraham*) our exceeding great reward? How great shall that light be, where the Sunne shall no more shine by day, nor the moon by night; where *God* shall be our light, and the *Lord* our glory? How great shall that possession be, where the heart shall possesse whatsoever it shall desire, and shall never be deprived of its possessions? Here will be to the Saints an abundant, everlasting, overflowing banquet; no grief can accompany it, no sorrow succeed it. Here is joy without sadnesse, rest * without labour, wealth without losse, health without languor, abundance without defect, life without death, perpetuity without corruption. Here is the beatificall presence of *God*, the company of Saints, the society of

* *Quies*
motus nō
appetitus.

G 3 Angels

Angels. Here are pleasures, which the mindes of the beholders can never be wearied with; they alwaies see them, and yet alwaies rejoyce to see them: These are the flagons of wine, vvhich comforted up *David*, when he cried out, According to the multitude of the sorrowes which I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed my soul: *In cælo est vita veritalis*, In heaven, and onely in Heaven is the true life: For there our memories shal live in the joyfull recordation of all things past; our understandings shal live in the knowledge of God; our wills shal live in the fruition of all excellencies that they can wish for, all our senses shal abound in their severall delights. Here is that white stone, which Saint *Iohn* speakes of, even glory and immortality to them
that

that overcome. Here is that *water of life*, which our *Saviour* speaks of, whereof whosoever drinks shall never thirst again. Here is that river, the springs whereof make glad the hearts of men:

And how earnestly are we invited to these delights; come buy, wine and oil without money?

Heaven is at sale, and thou maist buy if thou wilt, and shrug not at the greatnesse of the price, give

but thy self to God, and thou shalt have it. And who would not abandon his honours, his

pride, his credit, his friends, nay himself? Who would not be willing to passe thorow the gates

of hell, and endure infernall torments for a season, so he might be certain of so glorious and

eternall an inheritance hereafter? Let all the devils in hell (saith

Saint *Augustine*) beset me round; let fastings macerate my body;

* Coelum
venale est,
nec mul-
tum exa-
stues pro-
pter pretij
magni-
tudinem;
te ipsam
da, & ha-
bebis il-
lud. *Aug.*

Bone Je- let sorrows oppresse my minde;
 su qui par let pains consume my flesh, let
 cendo sꝛ watchings dry me, or heat scorch
 plus nos à me, or cold freeze and contract
 te abijcis, me; let all these, and what can
 feriendo me; let all these, and what can
 effice ut come more, happen unto me, to
 ad te rede- I may enjoy my Saviour. For
 amus Ger. how excellent shall the glory of
 mcd. the just be? how great their joy,
 when every face shall shine as the
 sun; when our *Saviour* shall
 martiall the Saints in their di-
 stinct orders, and shall render to
 every one according to his
 works? O were thy affections
 rightly settled on these heavenly
 mansions, how abject and under-
 neath thee wouldest thou esteem
 those things, which before thou
 setst an high price upon? As he
 which ascends an high mount-
 ain, when he cometh to the top
 thereof, findes the middle steps
 low, and beneath him, which
 seemed to be high to him while
 he

he stood in the bottom; so he which sends his thoughts to heaven, however he esteemed of the vanishing pleasures of the world, when his heart lay groveling on the earth below, now in this his transcendency he sees them under him, and vilifies them all in regard of heavenly treasures. Let us therefore chearfully follow that advice of a reverend Father:

* Let us here willingly part with that for heaven, which we must first or last necessarily leave upon earth, and let all the strength of our studies, and the very height of our endeavours be dispended for the attainment of Eternitie. For certaine it is howsoever we live here like secure people of a secure age, and however we waste out the strength and flower of our dayes, as if we should never account for it; yet our judgement is most sure; and

* *Quod aliquando per necessitatem amittendum est, pro æterna remuneratione sponte est distribuendum.*

and shall not be avoided: The sentence of the Judge will be one day most assuredly published, and shall not be revoked: *We must all appear* (saith Saint Paul) *before the judgement seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.* Then shall our wickednesse be brought to light, which now lies hid in darknes. *I saw the dead* (saith Saint Iohn, Revel. 20. 12.) *both great and small stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged of those things which were written in the books, according to their works; and whosoever was not found witten in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire.* Thus it is evident, every man shall give up his account; every soul shall first or last come to his reckoning:

Multorum

Multorum vocatio, paucorum electio, omnium retributio; Many are called, few chosen, but all rewarded according to their deeds. Oh then let us prepare our selves to meet our God; let us come before him with fear, and tremble at his judgements. *Fear not him,* (saith our Saviour) *who when he hath killed the body, can do no more, but fear him, who can cast both soul and body to hell; I say, him fear.*

Oh how many of the Saints of God trembled and quaked, when they have meditated upon the last judgement? *Hierom* saith, as oft as I think of that day, how doth my whole body quake, and my heart within me tremble? *Cyris* saith, I am afraid of hell, because the worme there dies not, and the fire never goeth out: I horribly tremble (saith *Bernard*) at the teeth* of that infernall beast. Who will give to mine

eyes

*A dentibus be-
stie infer-
nalis con-
tremiscit:
quis dabit
oculis me-
is fontem
lachryma-
rum, ut
pre eni-
am fletu-
bus fletu
& strido-
rem den-
tium?

eyes (saith he) a fountain of tears, that by my weeping here I may prevent vveping and gnashing of teeth hereafter? And have the Saints of *God* thus shrunk at the thoughts of hell? howv should then the loyns of the vvicked quake and tremble?

Come novv thou prophane vvretch, of a prophane age, vvho at every vvord almost that drops from thy irreligious mouth, speakest damnation to thy soul: bealching out ever and anon, these or the like execrable speeches, Would I were damned if I knew this or that; God damne me body and soul, if I doe it not. Alas, alas, seemeth it a light thing in thine eyes, to play with flames, to sport thy self with everlasting burnings? Tell mee, dost thou know, or diddest thou ever cast it in thy thoughts, what a condition it is

to be damned? Hear a little and tremble; Thou shalt there, to thy greater horreur and amazement, see much joy, but never feel it: for thou shalt see *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, and all the Prophets in the Kingdome of God, & thou thy self thrust out, *Luke. 6. 13. 28.* As touching thy company: Though here on earth, thou wouldest not perchance be hired to lodge one night, in a house haunted with spirits, yet there thou must inhabite with unclean divels for evermore, *Matth. 25. 41.* And to conclude in this thy cursed estate thy heart and tongue shall be full of cursings and blasphemies. Thou shalt blasphem the God of heaven, for thy pains and fores, thou shalt curse those that were the means to bring thee thither; curse the time that ever thou lost so many golden

goldē opportunities of getting grace,
 that thou hast heard so many ser-
 mons, and no whit bettered by them.
 Curse thy self, that slightest so many
 wholsom reproofs, which might have
 happily been improved to the saving
 of thy soul. Say now (desperate fear-
 les sinner) canst thou be content in
 the apprehension of these miseries, to
 curse thy self again to the nethermost
 of hell? or on the contrary, dost thou
 now begin to be ashamed and con-
 founded in thy self, and is thy consci-
 ence affrighted with the ugly face of
 thy sins, and of those bitter torments
 that abide them? Know then, thou
 hast to deal with a God, *who when
 thou art truly moved for thy sins, an
 mourn for thy sufferings.* Jer. 31.
 20. Thou hast to deal with a God,
 who will meet thee when thou
 approachest to him, *if thou worke
 righteousness, and remember him in
 his way,* Isa. 64. 5. *Thou hast to deal
 with a God, who doth account it his
 strange work to punish,* Isa. 28. 21.
*And he doth not afflict willingly,
 nor grieve the children of men,* Lam.
 3. 33. Yea, thou hast to deal with a
 God

God, who hath graciously proclaimed to the whole world, that he delights to shew mercy : *yea, with his whole heart, and with his whole soul,* Jer. 32. 41. Oh then be wise now for thy soul in time, and think it a mercy, that thou art yet on this side hell. And whatever thou judgest thy self worthy to be condemned for, at that terrible barre, condemn thy self for it before hand, that the Lord may say, I will not judge this man, because he hath judged himself already. And be assured, where mans conversion begins, there Gods displeasure makes its period.

Excellent is that advice of Saint Gregory, weigh (saith he) and consider the errours of thy life, while thy time serves ; Tremble at that strict judgement to come, while thou hast health, lest thou hear that bitter sentence, (*Goe ye cursed*) goe forth against thee, when it is too late. Did man know what time he should leave the world, carnall wisdom would prompt him, to proportion his time, some to pleasure, and some to repentance. But he that
hath

Culpam
tuam (dū
vacat) pē-
sa, & di-
strictionē
tuū iū-
dicij (dū
vales) ex-
horreſce,
ne tunc
amaram
ſententi-
am audias;
cum ſul-
lis ſteribi-
tū eva-
das.

hath promiſed pardon to the peni-
tent, hath not aſſured the ſinner of
an houres life. Since therefore we
can neither prevent, nor foreſee
death, let us alwaies expect it, and
provide for it. Let us dye to our
ſinnes here, that we may live to
Chriſt hereafter, and let us ſuffer
with Chriſt in this world, that we
may rejoyce and raig with him in
the world to come. When we de-
part this life, we goe to an eternity,
to an eternity, I ſay, which ſhall ne-
ver end, never, never, me thinks this
word, never, hath a mountainous
weight in it; to an eternity which
maketh every good action infinitely
better, and every evill action infinite-
ly worſe. Oh the unhappines & ever-
laſting woe of thoſe men, who pre-
ferre the ſmall and triſling things of
this life, before the eternall weight of
glory hereafter: who to enjoy the
ſhort comfort of a miſerable life here,
are content to loſe the pre-
ſence of God, and ſociety
of Angels for ever
hereafter.

FINIS.

ni-
of
we
see
nd
our
to
fer
we
in
le-
ry,
e-
his
us
ch
ly
e-
r-
e-
of
of
e,
e,